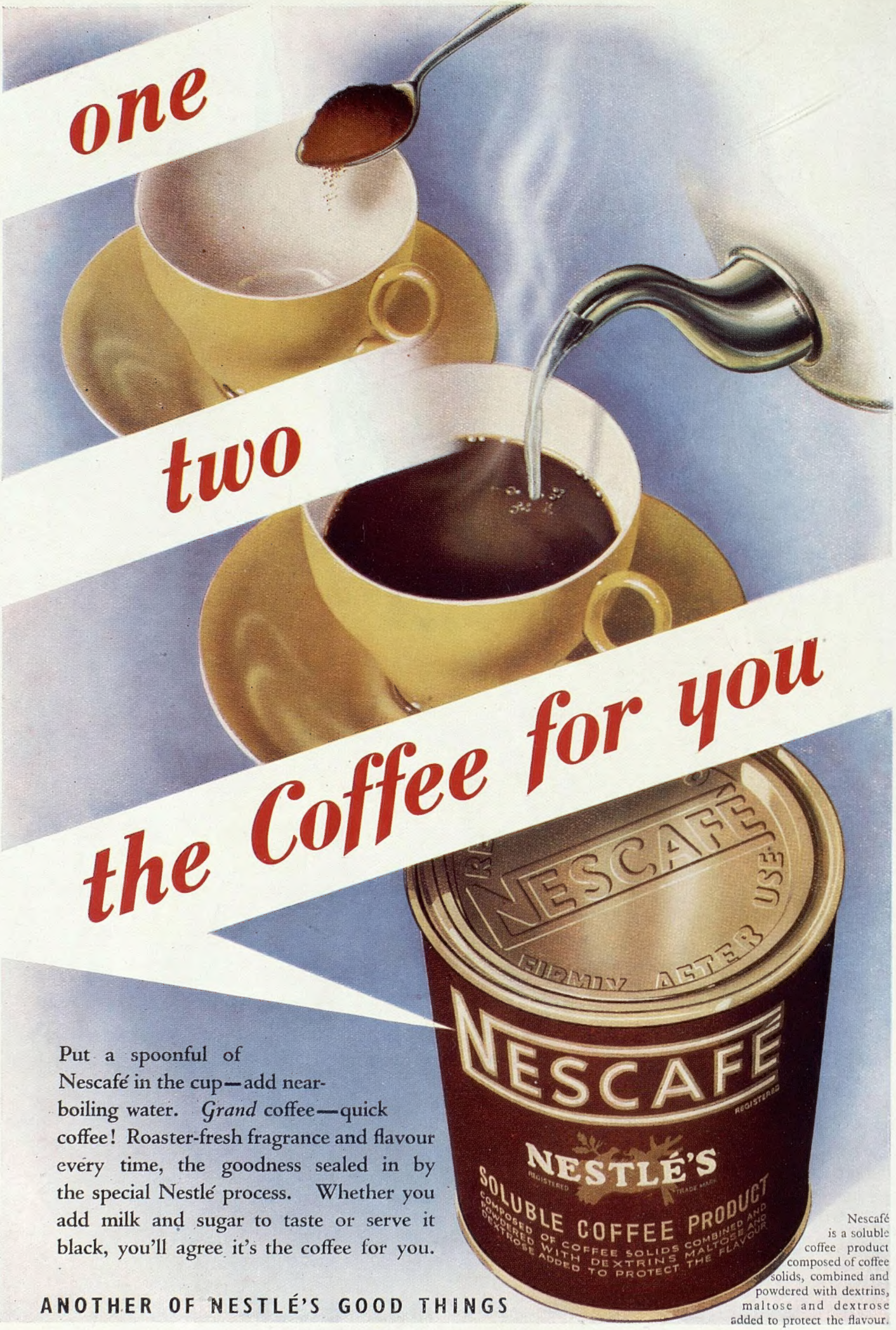
BRITANNIA and EVE

2/-

Christmas 1949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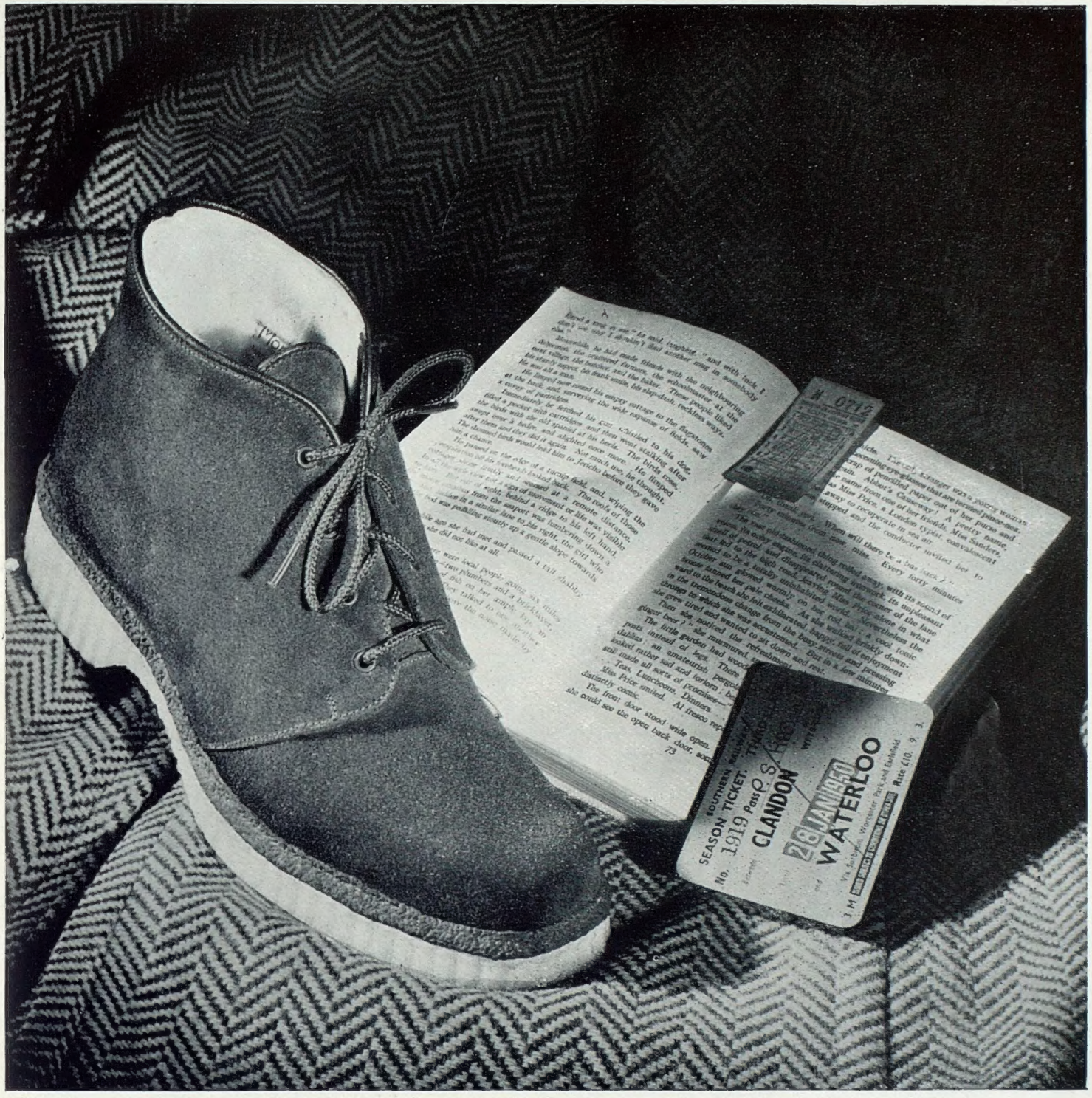

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 39 No. 6 DECEMBER, 1949

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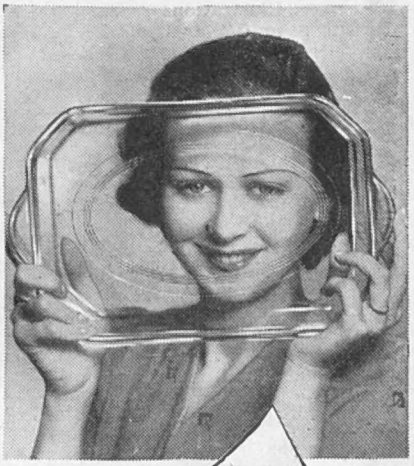

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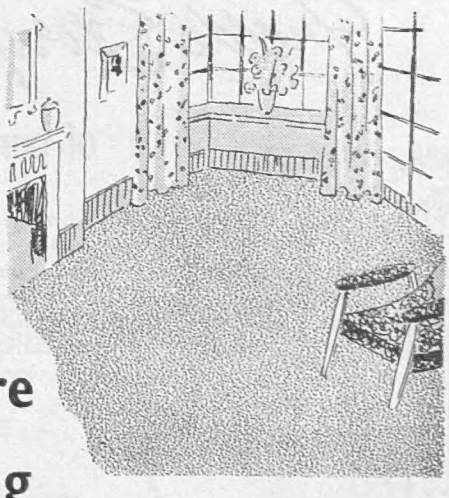

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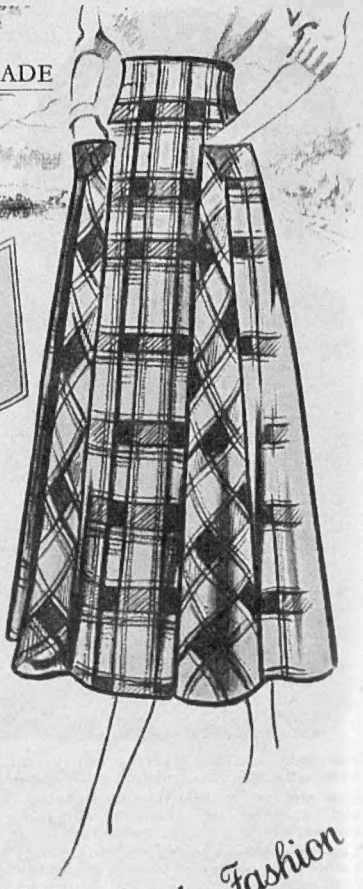

with the colours of the Highlands blended into Fashion

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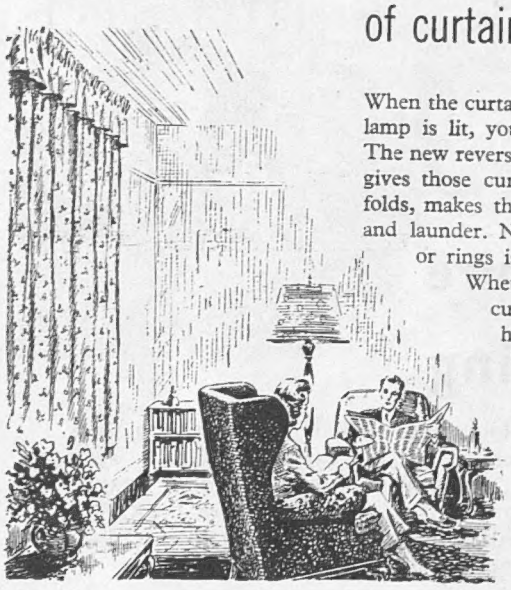

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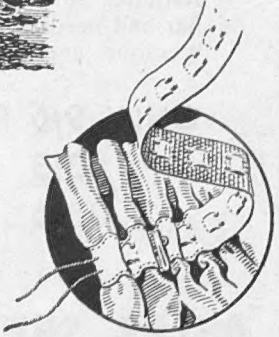

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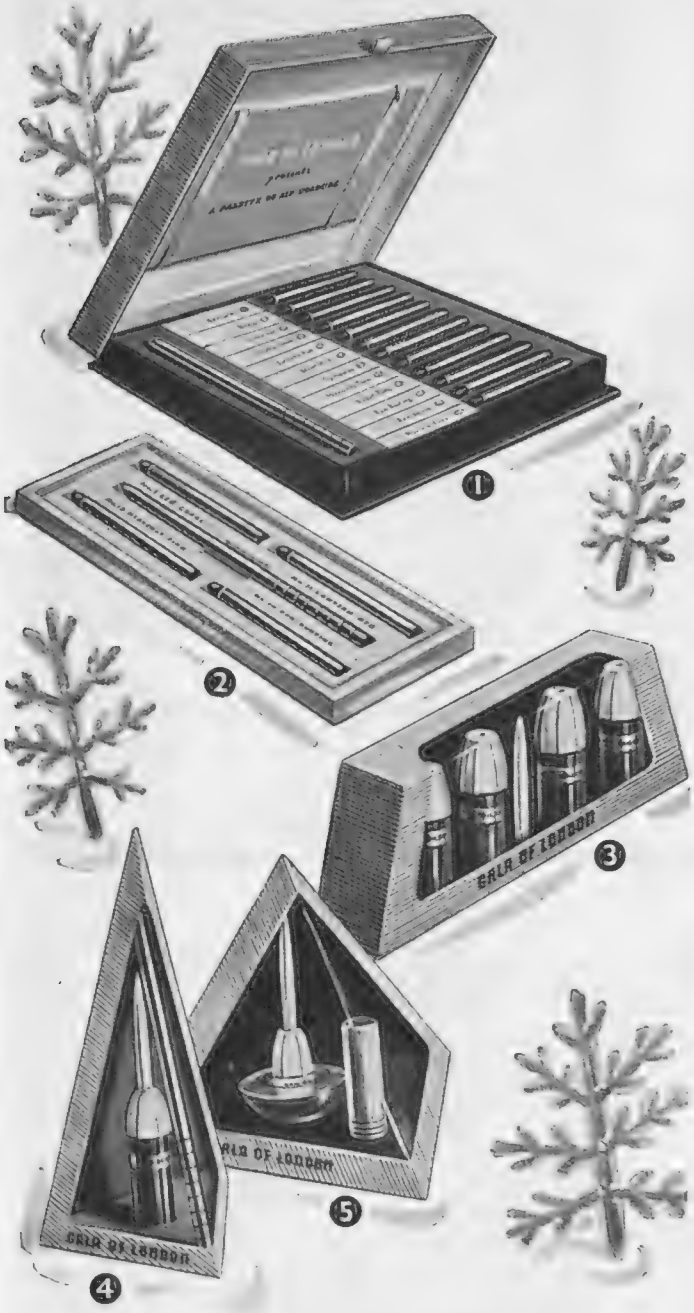

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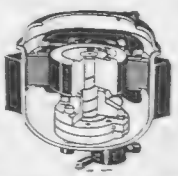

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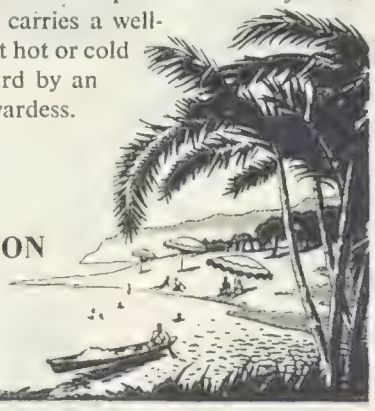
within two days of Britain —in the sterling area!

A WINTER HOLIDAY in brilliant tropical or subtropical sunshine — with no currency restrictions to limit your amusements! Sea-bathing, fishing, sailing, golf, sport of all kinds — first-rate hotels, magnificent food! Take your choice: Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad and Tobago are all within approximately two days of Britain by air, and are all in the sterling area.

British Overseas Airways Corporation — linking up at Kingston, Jamaica, with British West Indian Airways services to all over the Caribbean — take you there with the least possible expenditure of precious holiday time. Every B.O.A.C. airliner carries a well-stocked bar, and excellent hot or cold meals are served on board by an efficient steward and stewardess.



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Reservations and Information, at no extra charge, from your Local Travel Agent.

Greet him with Gillette

No. 16 Set

What man wouldn't be delighted? The highly polished nickel-plated case contains an Aristocrat one-piece razor and a Gillette Dispenser holding 10 Blue Gillette blades. *32/6 (Inc. P. Tax).*

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A daily pleasure for years to come. Handsome fabric-covered case with plated rims. Heavily plated Aristocrat one-piece razor with Gillette Dispenser holding 10 Blue Gillette blades. *26/3 (Inc. P. Tax).*

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She has no cause to worry — *her* dress was made in a fabric marked 'TEBILIZED.' No matter if it does get crushed, every fabric carrying this mark will resist and recover from creasing much as wool does naturally.

EVERY FABRIC MARKED

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HAS **TESTED** CREASE-RESISTANCE

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SODA WATER
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INDIAN TONIC WATER
Who can think of Christmas
Schweppes
GINGER BEER
without
Schweppes
LEMONADE
thinking
Schweppes
LIME
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GRAPEFRUIT
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'BOND STREET'

BY

YARDLEY

She ran downstairs to open the front door on the disgrace of a flushed and tottering brother with his hat on the back of his head and his hair all over his forehead

Christmas Truants

A Short Story

by

Barry Perowne

SYLVIA forgets that Christmas is a festival of the hearth and home. Nineteen-year-old blondes of the slender, violet-eyed type are easily tempted. Sylvia no sooner hangs up her stocking than she puts her foot in it.

Engaged to Sylvia as I am, I sit simmering here under an oil derrick on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and, thinking with an exile's nostalgia of snow, holly and English families genial around the Yule log, eagerly read her Christmas letters.

A story with a moral emerges.

It was in October, Sylvia says, that her parents, country-loving people fond of croquet and beagling, agreed with some misgiving to her going to London to pursue a career in art. She got herself a job in the studio of an advertsing agency.

She had led till now a sheltered life. And from her first day at the studio, when she donned the smock of her profession and bent a career woman's thumb into the hole in her palette, she was conscious that boarding-school and home study scarcely had made her the complete woman of the world. She was bewildered by the rush all round her and dazzled by the shuttling to and fro of epigram and retort.

As an attitude to life, a frequent round-eyed "Oh!" seemed to her mortifyingly bucolic, and she set herself to the acquisition of experience. She was getting along pretty well, gradually mitigating her general cluelessness, when, one misty, raw evening early in December, her real troubles began.

Returning from the studio, she was accosted on the doorstep of her boarding-house by a tall youth wearing an old, belted trenchcoat, a raffish felt hat, and an expression of haggard mockery. She stared, amazed, at this apparition.

"Julian? Good heavens!" she gasped. "What are *you* doing here?"

Her young brother Julian was now in the twilight of his seventeenth year and shortly expecting his call-up—an event to which he looked forward with unbounded chagrin. Even in the best-regulated families, Sylvia says, brothers at this crucial age can be rather a trial. School has washed its hands of them; employers are shy of them. They haunt about the house, visibly taking a dim view. Their hollow laughter is to be heard in the small hours as they unpin the pin-up girls from the walls of their sanctums, and over lightsome breakfast-tables they cast the demoralising shadow of a conscript's misanthropy.

An awful thought struck Sylvia, and with a quick glance each way along the lamp-lit street, she put a hand on his arm. "Julian," she said, with a conspiratorial thrill, "you aren't thinking of doing anything silly, I hope?"

"What on earth do you mean?" said Julian.

"That trenchcoat and that awful hat," Sylvia said. "They make you look as though you might be taking it on the lam."

"Are you suggesting I'm a scruffy deserter?" said Julian. "Pull yourself together. I'm here because I just couldn't stand the dullness at home. There's a vacation course on, here in town, in nuclear physics. I asked father if I could take it, to fill in the time till call-up. He agreed only this morning, so I shot you a wire asking you to get me some digs, and here I am—just arrived."

"Is that all?" said Sylvia, deprived of the drama of hiding a fugitive brother in the cistern in the roof. She took out her latchkey. "So it's physics now, is it? I suppose that explains the trenchcoat and hat? You've been reading *The Small Dark Room*."

"You can't even get a title right," said Julian. "It's called *The Small BACK Room*."

"Back or front," said Sylvia, opening the door, "a small dark room is all you're likely to get here, because I haven't had your wire. Look, there it is on the hall

table." Picking up the orange envelope, she called, "Yoo-hoo, Mrs. *Litt*lebird!"

"That you, dearie?" fluted a tremolo voice from upstairs.

"Hell," said Julian, "what kind of a hag is that?"

"Sh-h!" said Sylvia. "That's my landlady, Kitty Littlebird. I'm sure she'll take you in and do for you. She's sweet." She smiled reassuringly at her brother. "This is a real home-from-home."

"Hell," said Julian, dismayed.

THIS was on a Thursday, Sylvia says. On the Friday and Saturday she saw her brother only at breakfast. And it wasn't till the small hours of Sunday morning that he showed the cloven hoof and shamelessly exhibited his chosen attitude to the brief period of emancipation before his call-up.

In a house wrapped in righteous slumber, Sylvia was awakened by the sound of a lonely voice upraised in the street in melancholy inquiry for a bonnie over the ocean. Smiling with sleepy tolerance, Sylvia was about to turn over and snuggle down again when a violent assault on Mrs. Littlebird's front door, coupled with horrified recognition of the minstrel's voice, shot her out of bed in a panic. Snatching up her dressing-gown, she ran downstairs to open the front door on the disgrace of a flushed and tottering brother with his hat on the back of his head and his hair all over his forehead.

Illustrations by D. L. Wynne

"*Sh-h!*" hissed Sylvia furiously, hustling the scandal inside. "You'll wake the whole house!"

"Home from home," said the jovial Julian. "Ol' Ma Littlebird's. Liberty Hall——"

Sylvia bolted the door and turned affronted eyes on this revelation of an alcoholic in the family. "Where have you *been*?"

Much loosened by beer, Julian windmilled his arms about in an effort to divest himself of his trenchcoat. "Shmall gathering, congenial shpirits," he said airily. "Shtrictly schientific. Discussion coming end of the world. 'Sfact! Authority A. K. Barnaby, eminent fish. Eminent fizz. Eminent fizzizzizzt. Destructive radiations—detonation non-expanding universh. Shir James Jeans exposhed. Poor Sylvia, little old sister, *she's* had it. Done for. *Bung!*"

He made a graphic gesture, symbolising a conception of cosmic cataclysm, and fell over the umbrella-stand with a resounding crash.

"That you, dearie?" promptly quavered a voice from upstairs.

"It's all right, Mrs. Littlebird!" called Sylvia. To her brother she said tensely, "Get *up*, you chump! What'll she think?"

"What's odds what she thinks?" said Julian, grandiloquent among the umbrellas. "What's thought? Thought's source dishtructive radiations. Bertran' Rushell unmashked. Authority A. K. Barnaby."

With scant ceremony, Sylvia pulled him to his feet. She said ominously, "If ever I meet this A. K. Barnaby——"

Well, meet him she did, Sylvia says. It was on the following Tuesday. By way of reparation for midnight alarms, Julian took her to a theatre. And it was as she was having an ice in the bar while Julian brooded morosely over a military future inexorably predicted in the bubbles of a dry ginger, that there approached their table a lean, confident young man in a dinner-jacket. He had a craggy, lively face and untidy dark hair.

"Hallo, Julian," he said, though his admiring glances were all for Sylvia. "Enjoying the play?"

"Barnaby!" exclaimed Julian, brightening up.

Now, she had fully intended, Sylvia says, to tear a strip off this Barnaby, if ever she met him, for sending her brother home in a trance of beer and metaphysics. But such was the charm of A. K. Barnaby, who insisted on taking them to supper after the show and who danced as fluently as he talked, that she decided not to exercise a sister's divine right to lecture. In fact, Sylvia says, this turned out to be her best evening in London to date; and as a belated taxi rattled she and Julian back to Mrs. Littlebird's, she asked for further information about Barnaby.

"What a man!" said Julian in a pæan of hero-worship. "He takes some of the classes on that vacation course. He doesn't need to. He's got patents galore to his name. He's under thirty, but he's made a fortune. He's got a whacking great house in Kent. He gives fabulous parties—accomplished blokes, smashing girls. He took rather a fancy to me. He could see I was a cut above the ordinary intelligence. I find him inspiring to talk to; he seems to bring out the latent brilliance in me. I tell you, Syl, when you get to know types like Barnaby, life begins to open out."

Sylvia was inclined to agree with him. But recollection of a waiting ambush of drill-sergeants' waxed moustaches dimmed for Julian the lustre of a future starred with patents and glamorous with girls.

"To think I've got to go square-bashing in a couple of weeks!" he said bitterly. "Intellectual death——"

He relapsed into misogyny, from which nothing roused him until Sylvia with her latchkey let them quietly into Mrs. Littlebird's hall and switched on the lights. At the scene revealed he checked, staring.

"Ye gods, what's this?"

HE might well ask, Sylvia says. In their absence, goblins had been at work in Mrs. Littlebird's hall. A great bell of purple paper depended from the ceiling; looped in profusion from the bell to the picture-rails were coloured streamers.

"Of course!" said Sylvia, noting in the ensemble a spray of seasonable mistletoe. "It's getting on for Christmas. Kitty Littlebird's started her decorating."

"That you, dearie?" floated a voice muffled as from a linen-cupboard upstairs. "Mind the doings, ducks. Looks a fair picture, don't it?"

"Absolute tops," said Sylvia appreciatively, and frowned at her brother. "What's the matter with you? Haven't you seen Christmas decorations before?"

"Christmas," said Julian, with a despairing laugh. "I'd forgotten it. *We're* sunk. Do you realise we shall be expected to go home?"

Sylvia felt her own hand taken. A tall young man with a black beard, wearing a rakish beret and a leather jacket with a high fur collar, pulled her into the ring

" Naturally," said Sylvia. " Everyone does."

" But we 've only just got *away* from home," said Julian. " Here 's life beginning to open out, and what have we got to do ? We 've got to go home again. We 've spent every Christmas of our lives at home, and you know what Christmas at home is——"

" Well, it 's quiet, of course," Sylvia admitted.

" All right for the folks," said Julian. " They like that kind of thing—' just the family.' They 've never grown out of their Dickens. But take my case. I 've only got a week or two left before I 'll be doing fatigues, spending half my life carting empty bottles out of the officers' mess. Intellectual death ! I 'd like to make the most of this last Christmas as a free man. I 'd like to do something—something *different !* "

" You 're raving," said Sylvia. " And look at the clock ! Better take our shoes off before we go upstairs."

All the same, Sylvia says, she couldn't help feeling a slightly guilty understanding of Julian's viewpoint. So that she was already to some degree morally undermined when, a day or two later, A. K. Barnaby invited them to a house-party he was giving over Christmas at his mansion in Kent.

Julian was enthusiastic. She herself was tempted.

" But, Julian," she said weakly, " father and mother——"

Comfortable memories of nineteen Christmases at home weighed on her conscience reproachfully.

" We 'll write them," said Julian. " We 'll explain that this is important to our careers. The contacts we might make at the house of a brilliant chap like Barnaby could be the foundation-stones of our futures."

He talked her into it. They wrote home, cunningly emphasising the glittering prospects opened by Barnaby's invitation. Back came the nicest letter, instructing them to have a marvellous time, and enclosing a cheque. Sylvia, at this, crushed down a faint, lingering feeling of guilt. Excitement replaced it. She wasted much of the advertising agency's time doodling on her drawing-board frocks conceived in a mode of seductive *décolleté*.

Would, Sylvia says, that she never had heard the name of Anthony Kepler Barnaby !

For, just a week before Christmas, he arrived at Mrs. Littlebird's wearing a hangdog air and carrying a cable he had just received. He was required immediately in Washington on scientific business of great urgency. He was leaving at once, on a top priority. The party was off.

A pea-soup fog lowered that night over Mrs. Littlebird's. Thickest of all seemed the concentration of gloom in Sylvia's room, where, after the departure of the broken reed in Santa Claus' clothing, she and Julian sat supine and crushed, exhausted by their false smiles and bright assurances to Barnaby that his defection didn 't matter in the least, it was quite all right.

" Well," said Sylvia, rallying at last, " that settles it. We go home, after all."

" We can't," said Julian hollowly. " What do you mean—can't ? "

Julian sat up. " How can we go home after those letters we wrote ? All that high-falutin' stuff we said about Barnaby, about our careers, the larger world and everything ? Go home, now, with a fiasco like this ? Uncle Herbert 's always there on Christmas Eve. You know he never takes you and me seriously. Why, this 'd be meat and drink to him. He 'd laugh till he had to hold his silly old sides. I couldn't stand it, Syl. And I couldn't stand the folks being sympathetic. I can just hear Mother, meaning well, saying, ' After all, families *should* be together at Christmas ' ! I 'd go crackers."

" Oh, dear," said Sylvia. " But what can we do ? We can't just stay here and *pretend* we went to Barnaby's. Kitty Littlebird 'd wonder. She knows Mother, always sends her a card with Ben Nevis under snow on it. She 'd be bound to say something."

Julian was brooding. " How much money have you got ? "

" I 'll have about twenty pounds," said Sylvia, " when I 've drawn my salary."

" Pool everything, including the cheque from home," said Julian, " and we 'd have about twenty pounds each." His face lit up. " Syl, this is made to order ! We 'll show Barnaby—and we 'll be free as air. We 've both got passports. The fare 's a tenner each, return, by 'plane. That 'd leave us twenty quid between us. Say, twenty thousand francs ! Ye gods ! Think of the Christmas we can have in Paris, on our own, on twenty thousand francs ! "

HER young brother Julian, Sylvia says, has a way of making things sound not only logical but inevitable. So cogently did the scientist in him argue his proposition (*Continued on page* 89)

The waiter's raised brows imposed on Julian the need of some explanation. He said haughtily : " We happen to have had our pocket picked. Need I say more ? "

In 1916 members of the Stock Exchange adopted the five-day week and became the first week-enders. Now many sections of the community enjoy a long week-end. The two pictures herewith show the week-end exodus at Waterloo during the spring and summer

The Long Week-End

By Guy Livingston

CHRISTMAS, the most fixed of festivals, never loses an element of the unforeseen. Year by year, as it moves on through the days of the week, one has to calculate anew how long a holiday it is going to bring. The leisure-seeking worker probably does best when it comes on a Monday, Tuesday or Thursday, and worst when it comes late in the week. In this respect 1949 is one of the leaner years, for Christmas falls on a Sunday, plumb in the week-end. If, as is likely, an extra day is added, it will be an official recognition of the paramount value of a four-day Christmas break, even at this time when every available man-hour is needed for production.

What is troubling officialdom—and industrial leaders—is not the long week-end of Christmas, but the fifty-one other long week-ends of the year that, it is being suggested, this country cannot now afford. There is a growing feeling that the five-day week, currently enjoyed by millions of workers, is a serious brake on production and dollar-earning. This is not just a Government opinion. It is being put forward in trades union quarters, by management, and even by the workers themselves.

IN some cases it is already being acted upon, and up and down the country there are many families whose bread-winners are no longer at home on Saturday mornings, as they have been since the war, but back at work doing (admittedly at overtime rates) an extra and much-needed four-hour shift.

It is a disappointing situation this, in which industry, after its steady progress towards shorter hours, now has to reverse its policy and pare the Saturday morning off the wage-earner's long week-end. But it looks as if the widespread forty-hour week, for which the Unions have fought so hard and which many firms have readily introduced since the end of the last war, just has to be shelved until our economy is less shaky.

However common it becomes in other countries, the long week-end will always come home to roost as an institution typically and inseparably English. Hitler recognized it as such in the 1930s, when he took to choosing Saturday or Sunday for his *coups*, guessing that Whitehall might be half-deserted and Britain's leaders out of town till Monday morning. And there is something to be said for crediting the English with starting the habit, for was it not Oliver Cromwell who left his Westminster desk every Friday night to spend two days at Hampton Court?

Ordinary Englishmen did not follow suit for nearly three centuries. It was in 1916 that the members of the Stock Exchange adopted the five-day week and became the first regular week-enders. Apart from a return to Saturday morning work from 1931 to 1934, they have carried on from Monday to Friday ever since.

BETWEEN the wars more and more office staffs took to the long week-end. Meanwhile labour began shortening its working hours, too. Soon after 1920 a forty-eight hour week was established, with a forty-hour week as a future aim, but this was frustrated by the depression of the early 1930s. Though holidays with pay came in 1938, regular working hours were stepped up by war preparations, and workers found themselves putting in an average of forty-six and a half hours a week and, in many cases, sacrificing their Saturday afternoons.

In the great production drive of the war years the average hours increased still more, so that in 1943 the essential war-worker was toiling through a fifty-hour week, with thoughts of his cherished week-end put away till better times. Peace came—though it is clear now that the better times did not come with it. But the T.U.C., which energetically urged the forty-hour week after the war, and the many firms which adopted it, can hardly be blamed for misreading the signs and presenting the hard-worked factory man with his long week-end at the expense of production. (*Continued on page 74*)

Let us BRING BACK

WHEN pantomime really was pantomime, when it was really a thing of immortal magic and a slice of Fairyland, it had a king. His name was Harlequin. He ruled his fantastic kingdom of topsy-turveydom in regal style, the lord and master of it all. He had nothing to do with real life, he had nothing to do with reality. He was pagan, perhaps, but in his veins ran the ichor of the gods, and like them, he had just the same touch of weaknesses of the flesh to make him lovable and increase his fascination. He could, and did, transform life into fantasy and make you forget the world. He was a king in a time of kings and his majesty was complete. He was Romance personified.

If you ask most people whom they consider the chief character in the harlequinade—always provided they have seen one—they will say the Clown. Not a bit of it. Its mere title is a complete rebuttal. It was not the Clown who gave it its title—but the Harlequin. He was in the first instance its central figure and its leading character.

He seemed all-powerful in his fairy realm. But with Harlequin—as with other monarchs—other times, other manners.

IT was from the harlequinade from which pantomime, as we know it, was evolved. Pantomime itself is very, very old. It is older than the Greek and Roman cultures, although they knew it—and they knew Harlequin. In their time it was of religious significance, but Harlequin was there—as Hermes with the Greeks, as Mercury with the Romans. He was a god then, as well as a king.

Harlequin got into the English drama about the time of James I, when a troop of Venetian comedians visited London, led by one Arlecchino. The first mention of Harlequin, as such, is the description of a masque performed before King Charles I and the Court at Whitehall in 1637, on the Sunday after Twelfth Night. It was entitled *Britannica Triumphans*, and was the work of Inigo Jones and Sir William Davenant. It was a series of lovely scenes with quick changes—just the thing for Harlequin and his transformation scenes.

There is a stage direction which shows that two of the characters were a Zany (a clown) and Harlequin. He does not appear to have done very much but he was there and was in due course to take charge of that realm of magic beauty those old masques portrayed so well, and to rule the roost for many, many years.

Harlequin suffered with the rest when Cromwell closed down all the theatres—that habit of Sunday theatre-going to which Charles I and his consort were addicted infuriated the Puritans—but he was back again with the Restoration and was to the fore when pantomime—in something of the form we know it now and just as topsy-turvey—was born at Drury Lane Theatre in 1702. And as soon as it became established, his was the star rôle.

He made the harlequinade. Old-time pantomimes consisted of a little farce or comedy, which was called "The Opening." When this neared its close, up through a trap shot Harlequin and took charge. He would trip lightly round the stage, strike some attitudes, do a few steps and turn down his mask of invisibility. When it was up, he was visible—when down, invisible. Then, with his lathen sword of magic power, he would slap the stage two or three times to get attention. The sword waved in the air, the Harlequin gave a great leap—and lo and behold, the characters in the "opening" were transformed into the characters of the harlequinade—and the real business of the evening began. And there, of course, was the true origin of the transformation scene—the work of Harlequin.

And he was the centre of it all. There he was, in his suit of coloured lozenges, glittering with glory, his mask turned down now. He danced, he pirouetted light as air, he flitted about the stage around the characters, to whom he was invisible and was master of it all. Let the Clown, of the earth earthy, artful, deceitful, lying as he was, mystify the ordinary mortals and pilfer from them, Harlequin was always more than a match for him. For he had his magic, the Clown had none. The Clown fooled everyone else, but Harlequin fooled him.

There was Columbine, beloved by all. The Clown would woo her, to be reduced to a figure of ridicule by the art of Harlequin.

"Picture Post" Library

(*On left*) Joseph Grimaldi, the great eighteenth-century clown who wrested the pantomime crown from Harlequin and wore it himself

HARLEQUIN *to Pantomime*

The Clown Unseated Harlequin As The King Of Pantomime Through The Genius Of One Man—The Greatest Clown That Ever Lived—Joseph Grimaldi

By W. Macqueen Pope

For he himself loved Columbine, the eternal feminine, that eternally dancing, tantalizing character, always just out of reach, full of whims and fancies and a shocking flirt, always changing her mind. All the male characters besought her favours, poor Pierrot, often a harlequinade figure, sighed his heart away but the Harlequin won her in the end.

Sometimes his path of true love did not run smooth, but he finally triumphed. For who could resist him, gay, active romantic Harlequin, spirit of deeds and action—handsome and all aglitter? He was a thing of air and fire, of love and passion personified. No wonder Columbine eventually surrendered. The Clown was the comic but Harlequin was the king.

It was a big star rôle. The great ones of the stage did not scorn to play it. Garrick himself made his début as Harlequin, deputizing for Yates, a famous one, at Goodman's Fields Theatre in Whitechapel. Garrick was an amateur then—if such a thing could ever be said of this truly natural, born actor, but his success as Harlequin made him take to the stage. He was a speaking

"Picture Post" Library

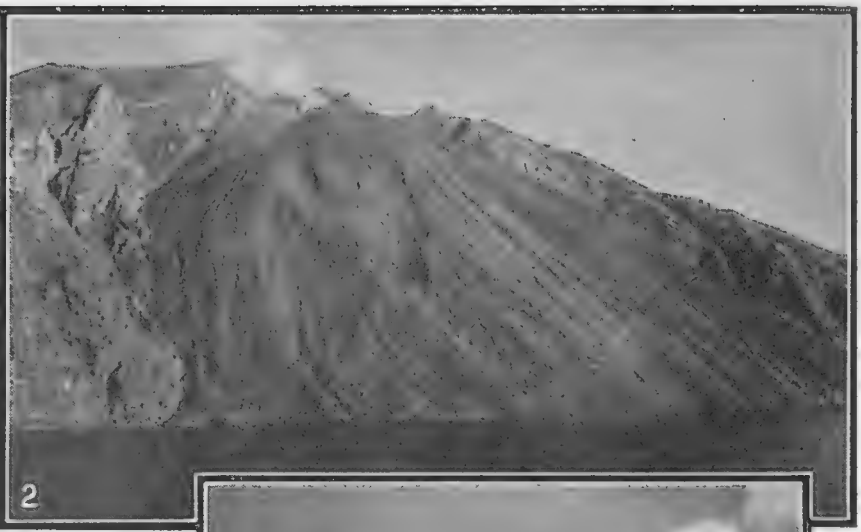
An eighteenth-century Harlequin, probably John Rich who played under the name of Lun, was a superb Harlequin—although silent—a wonderful dancer and a great acrobat

Harlequin—for he could either speak or remain dumb—it depended largely on the player.

Perhaps the greatest Harlequin of all was John Rich, son of the despicable Christopher Rich who was expelled from Drury Lane. But son John ran the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre and built Covent Garden Theatre. He played under the name of Lun and he was a silent Harlequin.

There was good reason for this, for he had a very bad voice and could not speak the King's English. But what did he care? As Harlequin he was superb, a wonderful dancer, a remarkable mime and a great acrobat. He performed extraordinary stage tricks. A favourite entrance of his was to disclose to the audience a vast egg. Then, inside it, chipping noises were heard, the end fell away and Harlequin Lun appeared, weak and feeble as a newly hatched chick. A contemporary critic said : "From the first clipping of the egg, his receiving motion, his feeling the ground, his standing upright, to his quick Harlequin trip round the empty shell, through the whole progression, every limb had its tongue and every motion its voice." What need had Lun to speak? His eyes, his limbs, his hands, his feet, spoke for him and were more eloquent than another man's tongue. He had other "acts" too. He gave a marvellous performance of a statue coming to life, he reached great heights in mime in his pursuit and capture of an invisible butterfly, and his farewell to Columbine, without a word of speech, drew tears from all eyes. And, as a piece of clashing contrast for comic relief, he could scratch his ear with his leg, like a dog. People of quality went to see him as many as thirty times in each season.

Harlequin did not always wear the tight-fitting costume of the later days. Originally his clothes resembled pierrot, but he always had those coloured patches on him—shaped like lozenges. Byrne, at Drury Lane in 1800, was the first to adopt the skintight costume. It was a sensation when seen in *Harlequin Amulet or the Magic of Mona*. The critics raved : "a white silk shape, fitting without a wrinkle, into which the coloured silk patches were woven, the whole being profusely covered with spangles and presenting a very sparkling appearance." (*Continued on page* 86)



Stromboli—*Natural Lighthouse Of The Tyrrhenian Sea*

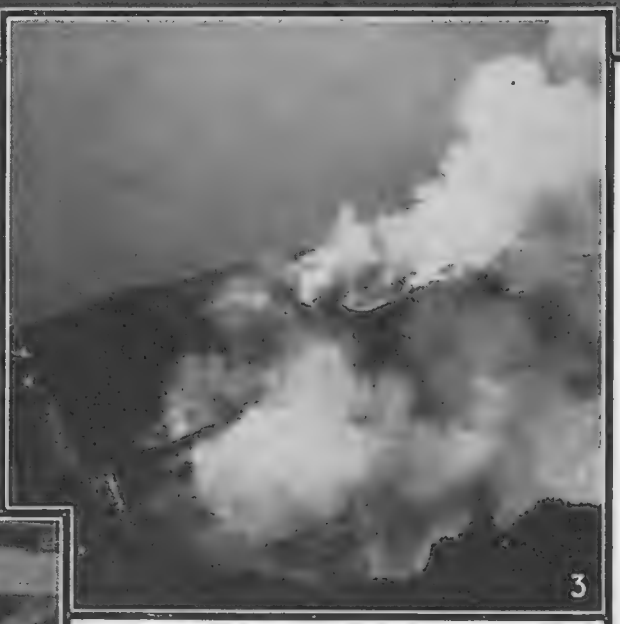
By Lee F. Johnson

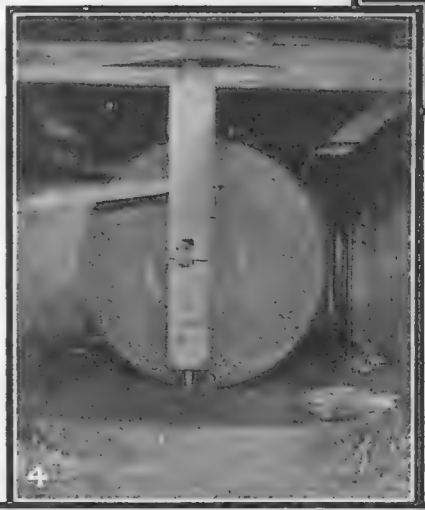
A BLACK, forbidding cone rising sheer from the Mediterranean and topped with clouds of yellow, white or black smoke, according to the temper of Europe's most active crater. That is Stromboli seen from the small steamer which leaves Milazzo once a week for Naples and calls at all the principal Æolian Isles.

Last stop is Stromboli, and the occasional tourist's apprehensions of bleakness and desolation are not allayed as he draws closer to the island. Everything seems black and the little bays of grotesque, fire-scorched rocks, and beaches of black basalt sand might be stretches of the shores of the Styx.

The steamer lays offshore—there is no port—at the principal town of San Bartolomeo, to discharge its passengers and meagre cargo of flour or macaroni into waiting fishing boats.

Half the town turns out to enjoy the week's most exciting spectacle. Little boys scamper and quarrel over passengers' baggage; old men and women await mail from their sons and daughters in America or Australia; and a kindly priest greets returning natives, or helps the bewildered (*Continued on page* 84)





1 Stromboli as seen from the neighbouring island of Salina.

2 The Sciara del Fuoco (Slope of Fire) down the side of which red-hot lava streams flow continually into the sea.

3 Looking down into the crater of Stromboli.

4 A primitive Strombolian olive crusher.

5 Via Roma, the main street of Stromboli's capital. On either side of the street can be seen the typical low vine pergolas.

6 Three young inhabitants of Stromboli.

The Link

Keith and Margaret Could Never Be Divided While They Had The Yacht

By I. Rainer

ENTERING the house by the side door she heard Keith telephoning. Hearing his wife's footsteps he replaced the receiver

"BUT darling, we can't afford them."

She knew directly she began to unwrap the earclips that she would say those very words, that she would regret them immediately for being ungrateful and tactless, and she did.

His eyes, grey-green, roving, fascinating, which had been fixed on her, bright with pleasure, clouded.

"I only got them because you said the other day that you wanted earclips. Hell!" he flung out explosively, his elusive temper lost at once.

The etchings in their black-bordered frames clattered against the walls as he strode out, slamming the door.

Her friend, Joyce, smiled.

"I know how you feel," she said, "but you must admit it's something for him to have thought of getting them."

"Well, is it?" Margaret argued.

"He didn't get them really to please me, but to make me pleased with him; to make me overlook his weakness, his philandering, his extravagance and temper—oh, everything."

They went into the garden. The elms were still, only the oxeye daisies in the long grass were tremulous at the touch of the dying wind. The sky stretched limitless over the distant grey mudflats.

"How quickly the tide goes out here" remarked Joyce, "there was a sheet of water before tea, and now look."

"Shallow" answered Margaret, "it comes up fast, and ebbs almost at once."

She helped Joyce to turn her car in the narrow lane, and watched her drive away before returning to the house.

Keith stood with his back to her.

"I'm sorry, my dear" she whispered, knowing her peacemaking gesture to be weak, knowing that she had been right, that they could not afford the jewellery.

He turned swiftly. The sulkiness ebbed from his handsome face.

"I just thought you'd like them" he beamed.

"They'll go with your black frock, only for Heaven's sake don't wear that scarf with it again, spoils the whole line."

She smiled. How many men after ten years of marriage, kissed their wives expertly at five of the afternoon, and knew, or if they knew, cared, about the lines of their frocks?

She tried and failed to conquer the thought that it was always she who apologized whether wrong or not.

"Oh well, does it matter, so long as life has harmony?" she capitulated.

"But how magnanimous he is, when I'm right."

Later in the evening she sat gazing at the pile of unpaid bills, the red inked reminders, and here and there the horrid heading of a solicitor's notepaper, and

attempted to nag him into sharing her worry.

"Can't you take some interest? They're your debts too," she cried at last.

"We could sell something, I suppose" he answered, then grinned tauntingly, and went on :

"*Whimbrel's* all we've got of value."

Margaret rose and faced him, deadly serious.

"You can't, you know you can't," she said.

"I've given up simply everything for her, slaved without a maid, done without a car, gone without decent clothes to give her new sails, limited holidays to her cruising range. She's the loveliest thing I've—we've ever possessed, and you talk of selling her!"

His grin widened.

"I thought that suggestion would bring you to your senses," he said, adding:

"You're the only two feminine creatures in my life who really count."

"But I'm not fool enough to worry myself over those damned bills, if you are. If you'd only trust me, as I've already told

you, that affair Wilmott wants me to come in on is going to pay hand over fist once it gets going. Just give it, and me, three months, that's all."

He was drunk again, drunk with his perpetual optimism, that heady brew that bemused his brain, will and common sense.

She went to the open window, leaning out as though to clear the fumes from her own head at any rate.

"It's hot," she said, "I'm going out."

She went out of the wicket gate, down the short lane bordered with little wild roses, to the estuary.

The mudflats lay like satin along the banks topped with long grasses.

The river, pale grey tinged with mauve where the setting sun had touched it, slid imperceptibly back to the sea.

Resting upon it lay the oyster smacks and a spritsail barge, immobile and beautiful in the evening calm.

But Margaret's loving eyes passed them all by, roving until they were rewarded by the sight of *Whimbrel*, the six-ton cutter, with her perfect sheer, from clean straight bows to delicate counter, with a gull's grace and an oak's strength.

We have you in common, she thought, as some have children. How strange, how unsexed of me to love a boat. You are the most glorious thing that this glorious night can show.

A flock of curlew passed over against the darkening sky into the sunset. One redshank called.

With an almost happy sigh she turned and walked home through the summer haunted dusk.

LICKING her salt-tasting lips with relish, and gripping the tiller with a numb hand, her feet braced against the lee side of the cockpit to keep her position, Margaret knew they were winning

Entering the house by the side door she heard Keith telephoning.

"——yes, all right, of course I'll be there, yes, usual place, only I do wish you'd write. I've told you before, phoning's not safe. ——I——"

Hearing his wife's footsteps he replaced the receiver.

Why did he bother? she wondered.

That would be Jennifer, or would it be Anne? No, Anne was a last year's model. Perhaps it was that little freckled girl they'd met at the Atkinson's. Oh, who

Illustrations by M. Mackinlay

cared? She knew it was someone, and he surely knew that she knew.

He sauntered in smiling.

"Nuisance that woman is, calling me", he said.

"Doesn't she know I'm happily married?"

He slipped an arm round Margaret. But the river's spell was broken for her.

At breakfast next day he was conciliatory and slightly embarrassed.

Twice he began to speak, then relapsed into silence.

At last he said :

"I'm sorry, I forgot to tell you Mrs. Rainbird won't be coming to-day. In fact I rather doubt if she'll come again at all. I upset her a bit on Tuesday, after you ticked her off for not polishing the furniture properly. I went for her good and hard after she'd answered you back."

"Oh Keith, even you can't have been so crazy," cried Margaret.

"Oh curse you, why can't you attend to your own business," (which is earning money, she managed not to say). "Now, what'll I do? I'll never get another woman to come up here, so far from the village. I'm used to her blunt ways, and if I weren't, what do I care, so long as she does the work?"

"You may not care, but I do," answered Keith pompously, "I'm not letting any woman be rude to you."

"Look, I'll get the late train, and do the washing-up, and clean the silver, or whatever it is gets cleaned to-day."

He kissed her suddenly, pulled her apron from behind the door, and with a competence that would have been better employed, tackled the housework.

It took Margaret most of the morning to run Mrs. Rainbird to earth amongst her children, chickens and washing, and to apply sufficient soothing words laced with a promise of an extra weekly half-crown to heal her wounded spirit enough for her to consent grudgingly to return as twice-weekly help.

And now, thought Margaret, angrily kicking a stone into the ditch, I've apologized to *her*, and she's accepted the apology gracefully, if an East Anglian can be gracious. How generous everyone is ! Yet, damn it, she *hadn't* cleaned the sideboard.

Keith returned early, and it was with foreboding that Margaret met him at the door.

"If this weather holds we might nip down Channel next week," he remarked abruptly, avoiding her eyes.

Then, answering her unspoken question he continued :

"I've got a holiday, at least, I'm leaving Firth and Ryder's. Oh, all right then, fired if you prefer it that way. 'Oh *Keith*!'" he mimicked her.

"I'm not sorry if you are. Old Ryder was awful to work for. When I tried to help him he wouldn't take my advice, and it was a rotten job anyway."

"Well," said Margaret decisively, "sailing down Channel won't get you a new one. You'll have to look for it."

"Don't you worry, darling," he said easily, "I'll get something really good this time. Perhaps you're right about staying here. I'd best be on tap when I'm wanted. I've already heard of something at lunch to-day. I stood Tom Milward a darned good meal. The least he can do is to find me something decent. Firth and Ryder are the ones to worry. They've had this coming to them for a long time. When's supper?"

DURING the ensuing week it seemed to Margaret that Keith's nightly homecoming had but two reactions. One was his invariable reply to her sympathetic inquiries :

"For Heaven's sake don't nag. I'm tired."

The other was his reproach when, deciding not to ask him for news, she would discuss something else to distract him.

"Don't you care whether I get a job or not? I've seen three firms to-day, but you don't trouble to ask about them, you just natter about nothing."

The inevitable quarrel, as distinct from sporadic bickering, when it came, was lowering to the dignity and extraordinarily tiring to its participants.

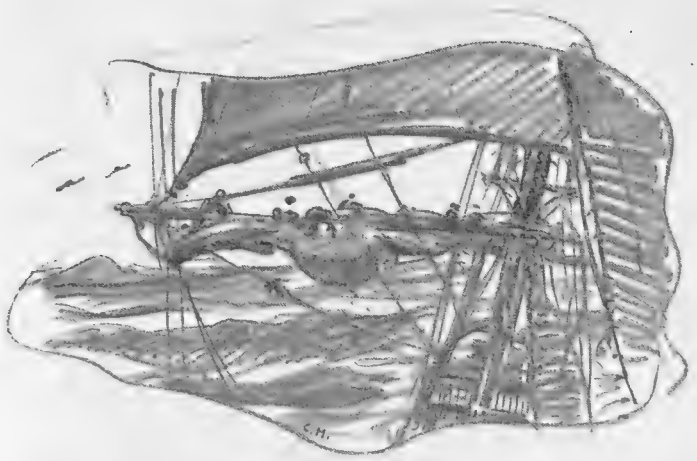
"I'm sick of these everlasting debts and all the anxiety that goes with them, and of what the village is saying," cried Margaret at the culmination point.

Keith turned upon her furiously.

"And I'm sick of the blasted village. I don't give a damn what it says."

He hesitated before

(*Continued on page* 80)



Men lean out from their precarious footing on the jumping footropes and strive to force the frozen canvas to their will

Christmas In High Latitudes

By C. Fox Smith

Illustrated by Claude Muncaster, R.W.S.

FIFTY-SIX South. . . . The long hours of a December day off Cape Horn just coming to a close . . . the sun, going down behind a heavy bank of cloud, touching the tops of the waves as they roll up from the south-'ard with a parting gleam of vivid crimson. . . .

On and on they come in endless procession, those mile-long greybeards crested with foam, shepherded forever by the stormy westerlies, whose realm is the great Southern Ocean between Fifty-six South and the Antarctic; the two lordly albatrosses that sail down wind with widespread wings and bright watchful eyes seeming almost the only signs of life in all that savage wilderness of wandering foam.

Almost—but not quite. Away to the westward the last gleams of daylight are reflected for a moment from the curving surfaces of a ship's topsails—the British barque *Glenfinlas*, one of the last of her kind, beating her way doggedly round Cape Stiff against the westerlies on the eve of Christmas Day, on the old "sailor's way," that has been the maker and breaker of so many ships and men since first the Dutchmen, Schouten and Le Mair, sighted the grim old headland and gave it a name.

This is her seventh day off the pitch of the Horn. Seven days of incessant struggling to make her westing in the teeth of mountainous seas and great gusts of wind. Seven days of flooded decks where the watch hauling at the braces are washed from their foothold over and over again, only to pick themselves out of the scuppers, bruised, battered, half-drowned, but undefeated, to renew the contest with winds and seas—challenging the might of the elements with the hoarse notes of a sea shanty—

"Whiskey is the life of man—
Whiskey, Johnny!
Whiskey in an old tin can—
Whiskey for my Johnny!" . . .

Seven days of fighting with might and main to steady the kicking spokes of the wheel, with fingers that froze to the wood and metal so that the skin tore away from the flesh when the time came to let go their hold. Seven days and nights (*Continued on page* 76)

Seven days of incessant struggling to make her westing in the teeth of mountainous seas and great gusts of wind

Late one night Lord Brudenell was summoned from a tavern to hurry to his sister's room because Shrewsbury was there with his friends, frantic with jealousy of the Duke of Buckingham and raising an almighty quarrel

Dangerous Countess

The Astounding Story Of An Alluring Restoration Beauty, Anna Maria Brudenell, Countess of Shrewsbury.

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

"SHE might have a man killed for her every day, and would only hold her head the higher for it," said the Count de Gramont of Anna Maria Brudenell, Countess of Shrewsbury. A Restoration beauty? Undoubtedly, in her finery. But striking, alluring, more than beautiful, with seductive, heavy-lidded eyes of the kind some men find irresistible.

One of these—though there had been others—was Harry Killigrew, Court wit and scamp, Groom of the Duke of York's Bedchamber, who had married Lady Mary Savage, Queen Catherine's Maid of the Privy Chamber. His father, as English Resident, had known all the sensual delights of Venice—and had been recalled for overdoing them—then helped to control the London Theatre and became Charles II.'s Master of Revels. Harry, accordingly, was no stranger to the gay life of Court, stage and tavern, and when he fell into the notorious Lady Shrewsbury's favours it was natural that he should boast of them and sing her praises to his cronies. In his set—and age—it was the custom to brag of conquests, whether on the field or in the boudoir.

An intrigued listener was George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. He had married, obviously for self-advantage, plain, short, plump Mary, daughter of Lord Fairfax, a girl twelve years his junior. But that did not unduly worry him. He must arrange a meeting with this Shrewsbury charmer and find out what made Killigrew rave about her. . . .

IN the summer of 1666 he was at Fairfax House, York, raising a troop of horse for the King as Lord Lieutenant for the West Riding, when the Shrewsburys arrived with the Countess's parents, the Earl and Countess of Cardigan, on a family visit. Buckingham not only entertained them at his wife's house. He pressed them to prolong their visit and took for them, at great expense, Lord Irwin's house for a month. And what a junketing that was! Visits and games in the day, dancing most of the night. Not for Shrewsbury and Cardigan, of course, who preferred going to bed reasonably early; but certainly for the lavish host and the Countess, who were soon deep in an intrigue, and their younger friends.

The next moment Killigrew was scuttling over boxes and seats with the Duke of Buckingham hot after him, cutting at him in turn

Buckingham's young wife, unable to stand the pace, but evidently ignorant of what was happening, left after a short time. The climax to the revels came when, late one night, Lord Brudenell was summoned from a tavern to hurry to his sister's room, because Shrewsbury was there with his friends, frantic with jealousy of the Duke and raising an almighty quarrel. Evidently the infatuated pair had grown too reckless to keep their intrigue a secret even from the husband. The Countess contrived to smooth him down. News of the Great Fire took Buckingham back to London and the King, and that was the end of the York escapade.

BUT during the next year the affair became a scandal, fanned by the now infuriated Killigrew, who had been expelled from Court for saying unwise things about the King's mistress, Lady Castlemaine. He reviled his former idol, abused Buckingham's name at every opportunity, spread malicious stories about them, which came to Buckingham's ears.

At last they met in adjoining boxes at a performance at the Duke's Theatre. Killigrew, from his box, publicly taunted and ridiculed his former friend, now his bitter enemy, who told him to hold his tongue or it would be the worse for him. Killigrew then rushed from his box in a fury and tried to get a friend to take a challenge to his rival. "I cannot do so here in the theatre," was the reply. He thereupon turned back, raised his sword—still sheathed in its scabbard—and struck the Duke twice over the head with it.

The next moment he was scuttling over boxes and seats with the Duke hot after him, cutting at him in turn. "Good Your Grace, spare my life!" he begged, falling at Buckingham's feet. The Duke kicked him as he would a mongrel cur—and then went in search of his wig, which had been jolted off in the chase! A pretty brawl for King's favourite and Royal Groom to stage in a public place, when everyone knew the woman who was at the back of it. . . .

WHEN Charles heard of it he ordered that Killigrew be sent to the Tower and banished from the Court for ever. He was so badly injured about the head, however, that he was allowed to recover at home on the promise that he would leave the country until the affair had blown over.

But for one person concerned, the unhappy Shrewsbury, it never blew over. The growing scandal seems to have led to a violent rupture with his wife, for a letter of Henry Savile's records that: "My Lady Shrewsbury, with only one chambermaid, took to her heels and, they say, is gone either into a monastery, or to kill Harry Killigrew herself, since none of her relations will undertake it, but her Lord has sent to Dover and Rye to stop her if possible."

Soon after that, the Earl, resolved to satisfy his honour, challenged Buckingham to a duel. They met near Barn Elms, Putney, off what is now the Ranelagh towpath, and the fight—both between principals and seconds — was grim and earnest.

Shrewsbury, pierced through the breast and shoulder, was carried off to Arundel House, where he died two months later. Sir John Talbot, one of his seconds, was wounded in the arm. His other second, Bernard Howard, son of the Earl of Arundel, was pressing hard on Captain William Jenkins, the Duke's second, when Buckingham, to relieve him, made a pass at Howard, who deflected the Duke's sword with one hand and with the other lunged furiously at Jenkins, and killed him. Howard, the Duke, and his other second, Sir Robert Holmes—an Army adventurer who was

When the Duke of Buckingham took the Countess of Shrewsbury to his house he told the Duchess that he had ordered her coach to be ready to take her to her father's home

Nearby the scene of the attack a coach was drawn up. Inside it sat the infuriated Countess, with her three daughters, shrieking at the assassins, encouraging them to kill Killigrew

in turn Irish livery boy, highwayman, M.P., pirate, raider of the Smyrna fleet, and Vice-Admiral—escaped with scratches.

There were sensational stories that the Countess, disguised as a page holding the Duke's horse, witnessed the duel. St. Evremond says that she hid pistols on her, vowing to shoot Shrewsbury and herself if the duel went against her lover. Lord Peterborough declared that "to reward his prowess, she went to him in the shirt stained with her husband's blood." The Duke, however, subsequently swore before the House of Lords that at the time of the duel the Countess was in a French monastery, and it is generally accepted that she was not at Barn Elms.

IN May, 1668, two months after the Earl's death, Pepys noted in his diary :-" I am told that the Countess of Shrewsbury is brought home by the Duke of Buckingham to his house, where, his Duchess saying that it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered, 'Why, madame, I did think so, and have therefore ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father's,' which was a devilish speech, but they say true ; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there, it seems."

My Lady Shrewsbury certainly was there, for some time to come, openly living with her husband's slayer, now Charles's most powerful minister. The embittered Killigrew was back, too, swaggering about Vauxhall Gardens and other fashionable places with boon companions notorious for their light women and what Pepys called "their mad bawdy talk" which "did make my heart ake."

Since the Countess still refused to have anything to do with him, or even to acknowledge him, he resumed his campaign of scandal and invective against her and Buckingham, mercilessly blackening her character—though it hardly needed any extra shading. When warnings and threats of punishment if he persisted were of no avail, she decided to take the law into her own hands and silence him at all costs.

It was a lonely country road, running by way of St. James's Park, Kensington and Hammersmith, from the Duke of York's town residence to Killigrew's house at Turnham Green. He was returning by coach one evening when a band of hirelings who were not highwaymen, swooped on it, jolting him out of a doze. He felt the thrust of a sword at his neck. Rough hands hauled him out on to the road. He fought back with his own sword, but received several wounds, and his man was killed.

Nearby a coach-and-six was drawn up. Inside it sat the infuriated Countess, with her three daughters, shrieking at the assassins : "Kill the villain ! Kill him !" Not until they had left him for dead did she drive off back to town, confident that he would trouble her no more. When she heard that he had recovered, she was said to have told the Duke that it was intended only to give him a beating to teach him a lesson, but he had slashed about him with his sword, which accounted for his injuries. Since the Duke, Pepys suspected, was himself in the conspiracy, explanations were hardly needed. . . .

Later we hear of a reconciliation. Killigrew kissed the King's hand—possibly even the Countess's, too—and became Gentleman of Charles II.'s Bedchamber. The *liaison* with Buckingham lasted for many years, then her ladyship evidently made at least one pious visit to a Dunkirk convent, amended her way somewhat, married a Mr. Bridges, second son of a baronet, in 1677, and died—saintlier, if not quite in sanctity—in her early sixties. But for one riotous decade she had been a danger to men and the talk of the town.

THE END.

Beauty Queens Abhor Wolves

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THE scene is any one of the nation-wide chain of Medina dance halls and the occasion, the preliminaries of the National Beauty Contest whose winner will be acclaimed "Miss U.K."

"Go on, Beryl! You oughta!"

"I daren't, dear—really!"

Beryl dared after some more goading and, bless us, if she wasn't among those selected for the second stage, a photographic contest in the Press. Bless us again if she didn't get through that and into stage three: personal appearance heats in the Swim Stadium at Crackpool.

These went on week after week and when Beryl's week came, it is no feeble joking to say she felt weak. Yes, she'd been dieting and it hadn't gone with her work as salesgirl. In spite of it, though, she made the grade at Crackpool, too, and, wonder of wonders, found herself in the final. Only nineteen other girls had reached the goal with her, and most of them were promptly taken in hand by well-wishers.

Beryl's bust was all right; so were her legs and ankles, height and waist. But her hips were that little bit overfleshed. Beryl's well-wishers counselled her to roll whenever she could. It didn't matter when, so long as she just rolled a very (*Continued on page* 64)

Window-Shopper

A Short Story

By

Berta Ruck

Illustration by Frank Lea

PURPOSEFULLY but unobtrusively the big fair young man attached to the hotel staff made his way through groups in the vestibule, past the reception-desk, and towards the girl in grey.

He had never been on a job he liked less than this, of shadowing the suspect who was down in his notes as *Louise Browne (Miss)—Arrived from the United States. Aged nineteen. Occupation, travelling-companion and secretary to Mrs. van Thal of New York. Nationality British* (but French descent showed in the *chic* with which she wore that inexpensive street suit of Puritan grey). *Room Number 133.*

The two ladies had been here one week.

During that week pieces of jewellery had disappeared from the bedrooms to right and left of little Miss Louise Browne's.

That, in itself, was no evidence? But to his experienced eye there was something too quietly, neatly expert about the swiftness with which this young girl could slip in or out of rooms or along corridors, could disappear in the traffic of streets, through which he had stalked her, just as a little grey squirrel can vanish in a wood. Something fishy, too, about the concentration with which she gazed into shop-windows, *after* she seemed to have made sure that no one was watching her.

There she stood, now. Gazing into the millinery-showcase near the revolving glass doors as if trying to decide which of two madly-expensive Paris model-hats to buy. . . .

That small intent face might have left nine out of ten men uninterested.

The tenth man found it fatally sweet.

But had he not, early in his career, been misled by crooks who contrived to convey just that impression of fresh, innocent soundness? Wasn't it humiliating to have reached his age and his present position only to find that he had fallen—hopelessly, desperately—for a girl he might presently have to charge with theft?

He addressed her with a polite, intentionally-reassuring smile. "Did you wish to make inquiries of the milliner, madam? You would like to have the show-case opened?"

"I? Oh, no. . . . No, thank you," replied a soft startled voice. "I couldn't possibly afford——"

He was touched; then furious with himself—Sucker he was to feel touched at a little hypocrite's deprecating half-smile as she admitted, "I was only window-shopping."

After which she slipped aside, while he was left kicking himself because he couldn't make up his mind what *was* her game.

HER game, had he but known it! was—merely what she had said.

Hadn't she played it as a small half-French child in pre-war Paris, flattening her nose against the super confectioners of the rue de Rivoli, and, in fancy, picking out mouth-watering bonbons?

Later, gazing into the window of that world-famous perfumery off the (*Continued on page* 69)

He addressed her with a polite, intentionally-reassuring smile, "Did you wish to make inquiries of the milliner, madam? You would like to have the show-case opened?"

And So, Tito

By Harry J. Greenwall

IF you sit on the terrace of one of the cafés on Belgrade's main boulevard, you can see a lot of history made and in the making. Belgrade is a city of rumour and superstition, always remember that when you are reading newspaper stories datelined Belgrade, but Yugoslavia's history is so shot through with drama and strange doings, including the coming true of gipsy warnings, that it is not astonishing perhaps that the people hereabouts, the Serbs particularly, are prone to superstition.

That fine pile of building over there is the Skupshtina, the Yugoslav Parliament. Many years ago building was started; then it stopped. Why? Because a gipsy once warned the late King Alexander that his dynasty would cease when it was finished.

After the King's death, the Principal Regent, Prince Paul, ordered building to start up again. The Skupshtina was finished; nothing happened; that is, until King Peter was driven out by the Kremlin and the Karageorgevitch dynasty came to an end.

Another example of Serbian superstition "coming true" may be found in the fact that King Alexander landed in Marseilles on a Tuesday and on that day was murdered. Serbians will never begin any important undertaking on a Tuesday, because it was on a Tuesday in 1453 that the Turks took Constantinople and became masters of the whole of the Balkans.

Back of where you are sitting are the Kaligmegdan Gardens, a section of the main boulevard from which there is a magnificent view. Hereabouts Belgrade may remind you of Princes Street, Edinburgh, because one side of the street falls away abruptly and discloses a limitless view of Yugoslavian territory; almost at your feet, Danube and Save meet. The Serbs used to be very fond of taking foreigners to this place and pointing out the view. Very proud, too, and rightly so.

Marshal Tito

When Austria-Hungary went to war with Serbia, the Austrian frontier was right at your feet; when you looked at the view, it was an all-Austrian view. Then Serbia was occupied (*Continued on page 66*)

Jackal

Justice, Swift and Unrelenting, Soon Caught Up With The Man Who Murdered His Partner For A Nugget Of Gold

By Michael Hastings

THE rims of the kloof were jagged against the sky. The moon was up, casting long, spear-like shadows. Flickering light from the fire had a burnishing effect on the barren, weather-scoured rocks.

"Lonely enough, ja?" said Kruyt. He leaned forward to take a half-burnt stick from the fire and apply it to his pipe. Coming nearer to the flames, his face looked like old, worn leather, seared with fine cracks. His beard, short and bushy, was blacker than any of the shadows.

"Kruyt," said Prentis. "Let's have another look at that nugget." He laughed, nervously. "Somehow, I still can't believe that it's real."

Kruyt hesitated, shrugged his massive shoulders, and fumbled at his side. He produced a skin bag, dived a great hand into it and produced the nugget. Carefully, he placed it on a flat stone. Perhaps it was some trick of the firelight; but it seemed to Prentis that the metal glowed and flashed as though possessed of a life of its own. There was some magnetism about it, too; he found that he couldn't keep his eyes from looking at it.

PERHAPS it was some trick of the firelight, but it seemed to Prentis that the metal glowed and flashed as though possessed of a life of its own

"There's some money there, Kruyt," he said. His voice was little more than a hoarse whisper.

"Ja," Kruyt agreed. "The biggest I've ever handled. More than five hundred ounces, troy, I'd say. Funny. Just a *verdombe* stone, about six times as heavy as you'd think. And it's worth money. Ach! We live in a stupid world!" He turned his head to squirt tobacco spittle into the darkness.

Prentis moistened his lips, almost greedily. "Five hundred ounces. We shouldn't be far short of four thousand pounds; probably a bit more with the other fragments and the dust." Almost reluctantly, he looked away from the nugget and across the fire at his partner. "I reckon we should have stayed a bit longer," he said.

Kruyt shook his head. "Not with our supplies running short." He glanced up at the bare sides of the kloof, scarred with deep shadows. Here and there the moonlight showed stunted bushes. "Little chance of living on the country in this wilderness. Don't forget what's ahead of us."

Prentis knew. He'd been thinking about that. There was a stretch of sand. On the way across they'd found the expected water-hole to be no more than a slight depression, an almost circular patch of darker ground. An hour's digging and scooping had brought no better result than a handful of ooze. Because of that return journey they were being sparing with their water now—a few niggardly sips instead of the long gulps for which his throat was craving.

"Better to go short now," Kruyt had said, "rather than run out half-way across the desert march."

Kruyt, he knew, was older and more experienced. His Boer ancestry had bequeathed an animal toughness. If the chances were bad for a Kruyt, they'd be impossible for a Prentis. Realizing this, Prentis had agreed without argument. But sitting by the fire, looking at the nugget, he began to feel differently about Kruyt's leadership. Half the journey was over, with all the rough clambering finished. Ahead, there was the

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

three-day purgatory of the desert strip, then the spruit with a thin trickle of water, and—a couple of miles beyond the crossing—Matamba's kraal.

Unpleasant, undoubtedly. But, apart from a certain soreness of foot, Prentis felt fine. He was confident that he could stand a greater trial than lay ahead. Two more days of prospecting and they might have had another nugget in the skin bag. Perhaps two more. The thousands piled up in his imagination. Kruyt had been too cautious, that was the trouble. That was the worst of these Boers—too damn conservative! Incapable of taking risks.

You didn't get far in this world unless you were prepared to take risks.

Prentis became uneasily aware that Kruyt was watching him. Wouldn't do to arouse Kruyt's curiosity, the fellow was as suspicious as a buffalo.

"I was wondering," Prentis said, "what we shall do with the money. Do we equip ourselves and come back for more? A wagon and oxen. . . ."

"Not for me," said Kruyt. "That gold we found isn't going to pay much. It was a placer, not a lode. Washed down from somewhere. We might spend years without finding enough to make it worth our while. . . ."

"But gold's been found here before," Prentis objected. "That's why we came."

"Two or three nuggets—nowhere near the size of this," said Kruyt stubbornly. "I reckoned it might be worth having a look around. I didn't expect much—that's why we came the hard way. True, we'd have had a mule with us but for that lion. . . ."

Prentis smiled. "We might sell our information—if you're sure there won't be enough in it for us to come again."

"We might," said Kruyt. He eased back against a rock and stretched his legs. "You can try it yourself—if you think your guess is better than mine. I'm getting too old for this sort of thing." He glanced at the nugget. "Enough there to provide me with comfort."

More than enough; Prentis thought. Kruyt lived as simply as an animal. Apart from his tobacco he didn't seem to need any pleasures.

"What will you do with the money?" Kruyt asked. The way he put the question showed that he'd no particular interest in the answer.

"I'm not sure." Prentis rolled a cigarette. "I'll try to make more of it, somehow. I've been flat broke often enough to know what it's like being without money."

"Sure," said Kruyt. He leaned forward again to snatch a stick from the fire. His pipe had gone out.

Prentis found that his thoughts were drifting on. Money was the only thing that mattered. If you had it, everything else which was worth-while fell into your lap. People came to you, instead of ignoring you. And where there was a good number of people there was also opportunity. During his life he'd drifted from one job to another and had seen the chances always giving a sharp turn so that they didn't come his way.

Things were going to be different from now on. Two thousand pounds! He looked again at the nugget. If only it all belonged to him. Four thousand pounds! Doubled. Just as easily as that. It was galling to think that half of it was going to a miserable Boer like Kruyt, who lived at so low a level that he had little use for money anyway. Four thousand pounds! You could start to do things with four thousand pounds.

The nugget seemed to understand him, and to flash a message back.

Kruyt stood up. "I'm going to stretch my legs," he said. "Then we'll rest. If we make an early start we'll find it easier. Get over some of the worst of it before we catch the full heat of the sun."

"Good idea," Prentis agreed.

He settled himself more comfortably, and puffed at his cigarette. The nugget seemed to be hypnotizing him. It was putting wild, dark ideas into his mind. There was a gramophone record playing in his brain, saying: "Four thousand pounds," over and over again.

He could hear the clatter of stones as Kruyt moved around. There were other snapping noises, indicating that he was gathering what he could for the fire from the dead stunted bushes. Any other time, Prentis would have gone to help; but for the moment he was incapable of movement.

It would be so easy to turn that two thousand into four. A swift blow in the dark with a rifle butt—better still, with a boulder. In this desolate place Kruyt's body wouldn't be discovered for years, with any luck. Even if things went badly it was unlikely to be found for several months. It wouldn't take a man with four thousand pounds anything like that time to disappear.

Kruyt came back to the fire and dumped an armful of spike-covered twigs and short, twisted branches.

"Keep us going for a time," he said. "Better get some rest."

Prentis threw away the end of his

FEAR leapt up inside Prentis like a hungry flame. He'd already dropped his rifle, so he threw the first thing that came to his hand

cigarette. "Yes," he agreed. "I'm tired." He stretched out and lazily watched Kruyt return the nugget to the skin sack. Then he closed his eyes and, after a few minutes, was careful to take deep, regular breaths. He wondered if Kruyt could hear a whispered voice which kept saying: "Four thousand pounds."

At intervals, Prentis opened his eyes slightly. It seemed an eternity before Kruyt settled to rest. He sat for a long time, knees bunched up, staring into the fire. Then he stretched himself, flung his blanket carelessly across his body, and pillowed his head on one arm. A short time after this he snored.

Heart beating as with panic, Prentis carefully raised himself to a sitting position. Then he remembered that if Kruyt did awaken and speak he could say that he was going to throw some more stuff on the fire.

But Kruyt didn't speak. His snoring continued. And Prentis knew just where there was a boulder of the right size. A few steps and a violent blow. He clenched his teeth and his lips pressed tightly together.

IT was unexpectedly easy. Just those moments of sheer panic, then the swift blow and little more than a choking gasp from Kruyt. Prentis grabbed at the skin sack and fondled the outline of the nugget. He wanted to take it out and look at it again in the firelight. But even more than that he wanted to rush from the place which had suddenly become terrible. It was as though, in killing Kruyt, he'd released an evil spirit.

Why not go immediately? There was a good moon. It would mean so much more of the journey covered before the heat of the day enforced a rest.

Quickly, he began to collect his things. Then he paused, struck by the thought that he could make his own journey more comfortable by taking some of Kruyt's supplies. On the other hand, it would increase the load. For this reason he decided against it; and also because as a safety measure it would be good to have none of Kruyt's possessions among his own things. Repacking the loads to put more supplies in his own haversack would mean staying longer in the kloof. And already he was filled with a frightened desire to run from the place as fast as he could go.

He looked round to make sure that he had all his possessions and saw something which checked even the impulse of flight for a few moments. Kruyt's belongings were packed neatly at the back of a large boulder.

Grimly, in the darkness, Prentis smiled. He remembered how many times he'd grumbled at Kruyt's untidyness, at the way the man had flung things down anywhere so that it was a wonder he was ever able to lay his hands on them again.

So that was Kruyt's game. He intended to sleep for a short time. He'd that odd faculty of being able to awaken at will. Well before dawn he'd planned on slipping away from the kloof. A few hours—especially hours before the sun came up would have given him a generous start. With his toughness, he'd be across the desert strip with probably twenty-four hours to spare. . . .

Then Prentis licked his lips. Probably Kruyt had planned very much as he had himself. Kruyt's eyes had probably rested on the same boulder in murderous speculation.

This discovery and its implications eased his guilty feeling; but it brought back all the old eagerness to be away as quickly as possible. Prentis began to make his way along the kloof. He displaced stones and the rattle of them alarmed him. It was useless to tell himself that Kruyt was dead. Each time, he looked over his shoulder; and could feel a tingling at the back of his neck and a coldness in the flow of his blood.

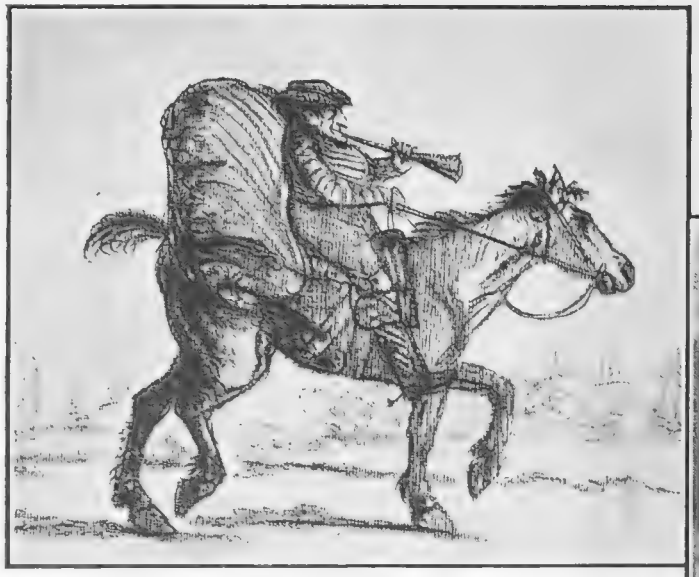
"It won't be so bad when I'm out of this," he muttered.

His eagerness made it a purgatory of a journey. The moon was lower on the kloof rim, and there were great seas of shadow. Several times, because of his speed and consequent lack of caution, he came near to falling. There was a patch of particularly hard going where the stones seemed to have been poured out from giant sacks. Many of them were jagged, hurting his feet through his *veldschoen*.

But at last the walls on either side of him began to slope downwards. Underfoot there was a gritty carpet, which became softer as he moved onwards. The moon went down, and in the place of its lantern was the grey half-light which gave promise of the dawn.

By the time the (*Continued on page 79*)

Marvels Of



How a postboy of 1774 dealt with it

The Royal Mail reaches a Queensland, Australia, out-station

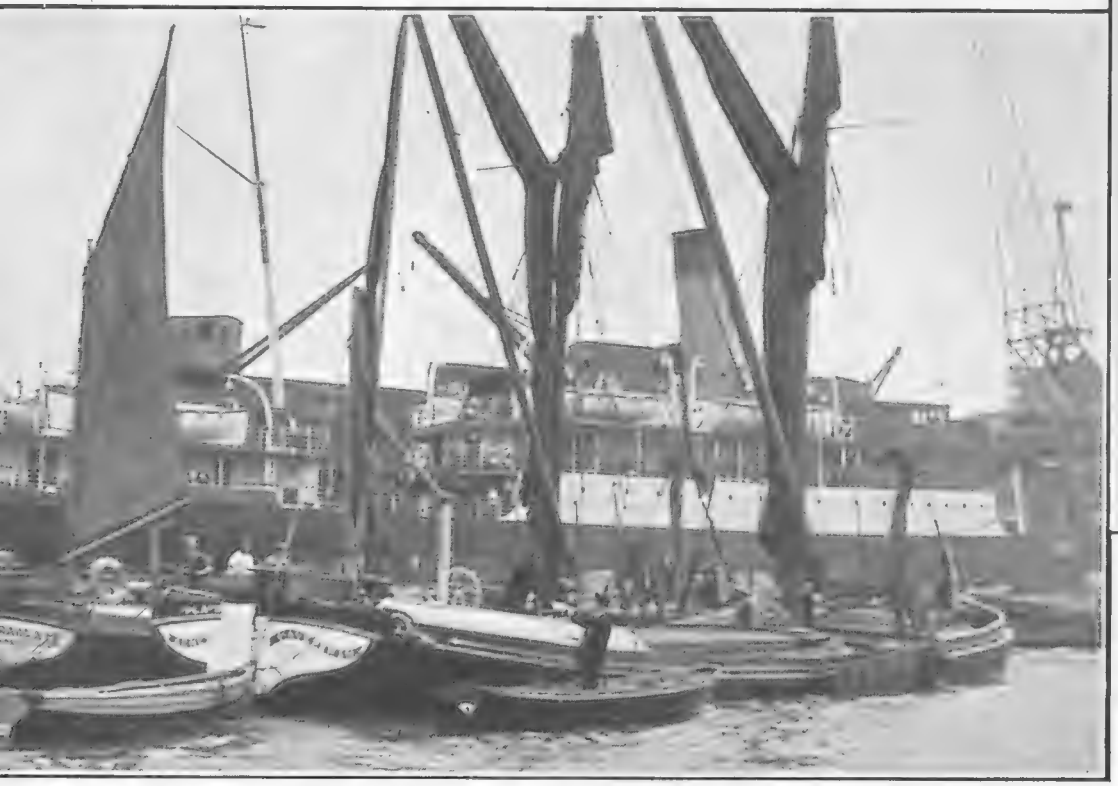
DECEMBER sets Tristan da Cunha, Cocos, Keeling and other remote corners of the Commonwealth agog for other reasons than Christmas alone. It may mean the coming of the only mail of the year, and unkind weather can interfere even with that.

Post-coming is almost equally a jubilee at many points much nearer civilization. Thousands of folk in Canada and the U.S. live so far from a post office that the Government sends a complete postal service to their very doors—45,000 P.O.s on wheels, which travel 2,200,000 miles every day. In winter the mail-carrier treks the poorer roads to outlying parts in a closed van fitted with a stove. P.O., clerk and postman combined, he drives his horse by the aid of a window opening, sorting the mail as he goes along.

Russia has about 60,000 horse-mounted postmen for its rural areas, as well as hundreds of rowing boats, motor boats and sea sleds for deliveries in vast ice-bound regions. Burmese jungle village deliveries are by native runners who carry a bell on a pole to scare off the snakes. Christmas letters to African outreaches must be posted as early as those for the Arctic. They may go by plane, but ultimate delivery is by runner or bullock wagon, braving wild beasts and flooded rivers. Lately, what is probably the longest overland mail route was inaugurated; it links the Alaskan Highway with Whitehorse, Yukon. A little earlier the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had established posts at Pond's Inlet (Baffin Land) and Craig Harbour (Ellesmere Land); this is the most far-flung P.O. in the world, for it is less than 800 miles from the Pole. When the ice breaks up, an officer is sworn in and fitted out as postmaster; then he heads north by ship, bearing the year's news to the trappers and exiles at these far aloof ends of Empire.

IN Britain some 20,000,000 stamps are issued every day of the year. The paper is specially made, and to satisfy the most sensitive tongues the purest gum-arabic is used—150 tons of it, brought all the way from the Sudan, itself served by air, motor lorry, bullock cart and fast camel transport, a strangely mixed mail service dictated by seasonal changes in boggy and rock-bound territory spread over a million

A pillarbox erected in London in 1856



(*On left*) Postmen make daily rounds in small boats in all weathers to deliver letters to vessels moored in the Port of London, Portsmouth Harbour and the Tyne. The picture shows a postman delivering mail to the skipper of a barge moored in the Port of London

The Mails

The General Post Office Is Unparalleled Anywhere, Though Imitated Throughout The World

By Martin Thornhill

square miles. Meanwhile more mail-carriers are running, rowing, riding, flying, struggling to reach other outposts of the civilized world. When possible the masters of liners plying between Colombo and Australia alter course to bring mail to a group of telegraph technicians on Direction Island. Time is valuable, so the job is done by attaching a waterproof sack to a cable trailed astern. The exiles also collect a jettisoned barrel of fresh food and newspapers. One unforgotten keg delivered at this season contained a collection of Christmas dinners, including ice cream, which in December is appropriate to these latitudes.

UNCONVENTIONAL mail transport is not, however, an overseas monopoly. Postmen make daily rounds in small boats in all weathers, negotiating ships' ladders and boat davits to deliver letters to vessels moored in the Pool of London, Portsmouth Harbour, and the Tyne where both sides of the river are continuously lined with vessels from the world over. The many islets dotted about Poole Harbour are served by an island postman in a launch. One off-mainland lighthouse presents a climb of 400 steps, and the Christmas Day delivery to Tan Hill, England's highest inn, means a ten-mile tramp, the only possible way when this lonely Yorkshire moorland is three feet deep in snow.

Sorting parcels during the Christmas rush at Mount Pleasant Post Office

(*On right*) An example of unconventional transport. In many parts of the interior of China the mails are delivered by this method

Like the cigarette paper messages which travel under the wings of birds over the thirty-six water miles separating Pelsart Island from the west Australian mainland, a private pigeon-post still functions between the Ayrshire coast and Ailsa Craig, the rock-bound islet where curling-stones are made. A post office on another remote Hebridean island sports the proud label: "Our nearest P.O. to Canada." This one is Scarp, whence in 1934 a German inventor tried the experiment of sending mails across the Sound by rocket, a test which was responsible for the development of the V2 rocket bomb.

THESE travails of postal work which persist despite the Flying Age and other modern facilities, are reminiscent of the snags which marked (*Continued on page* 74)

In the Fens district the mail delivery is often by boat-cum-bike

(*On left*) To deliver mail to the South Stack Lighthouse, Anglesey, means a climb of 400 steps for the postman

When Winter Strikes Hard In Town

A picture of Piccadilly, Manchester, taken in a snowstorm

A crowd of Londoners enjoy skating on the St. James's Park Lake

When Winter Strikes Hard In Country

A peaceful winter scene on a West Yorkshire farm

A picture from the air of the snowbound village of Huggate on the Yorkshire moors

GILBERT FRANKAU

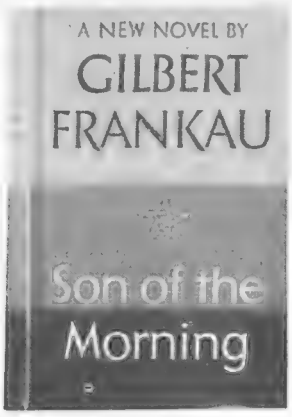
A Pair of Important Novels

WHEN the eldest of five brothers decides to become a Jesuit, share with the others the inherited estate he holds in trust, and present most of his own share to his Order, we may expect unusual developments in what might otherwise have remained a conventional county family. Gilbert Frankau's **"Son of the Morning"** (MacDonald, 12s. 6d.) traces the consequences of this act, notably in the relationship of the priest and his youngest brother, Nicholas, whose craving for power and money takes him into politics. Mr. Frankau makes them an absorbing study in social and spiritual opposites, flaying with merciless satire the socialist state in which Nicholas becomes a minister. A story of strong narrative power with a present-day moral.

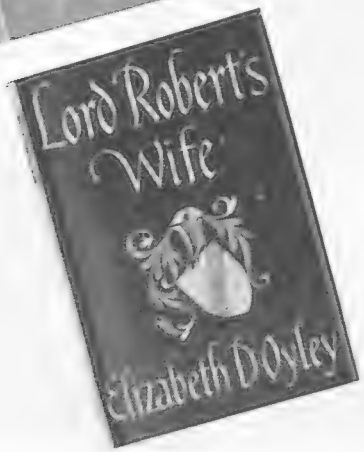
THE family in Daphne du Maurier's **"The Parasites"** (Gollancz, 11s.) is, by contrast, a bohemian "Sanger" one, offspring of a famous dancer and a singer, and mostly pre-wedlock! Maria is an actress, Niall a song-writer, Celia—the legitimate one—an artist. A bomb explodes in their happy-go-lucky lives when Maria's husband, Charles, calls them "parasites," and its reverberations awaken memories of life with "Mama" and "Pappy" which made them what they are. Under Miss du Maurier's expert characterization the "parasitic" Delaneys are as vivid and lovable a group as any I have encountered since *The Constant Nymph*—gaily, courageously, they take life—and death—"on the chin."

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

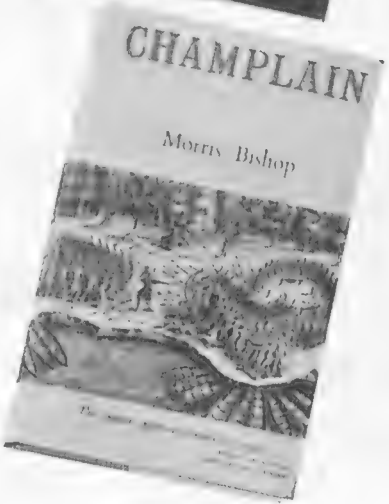


SINCE laughter should ring in the festive season, let us turn first this month to showman Billy Rose of Broadway night life. He seems to have promoted most things in his time. Once he wanted an elephant for a show, and was urged to go to Mr. Charles W. Beall, wild animal trainer as well as vice-president of the Chase National Bank. In addition to his zoo, Mr. Beall had two actress-secretaries who decided to fight over him. After the resulting court case Billy found him squatting on a stool in the lions' cage and asked: "What's the idea of sitting out here?" Scratching one of them behind the ear, he replied: "Frankly, this is the only place on the estate where I feel perfectly safe." That kind of story makes "Wine, Women and Words" (Reinhardt and Evans, 10s. 6d.) a real laugh-book about a colourful life, with some very human slants on wife Eleanor Holm, which married folk will find both touching and amusing, much sane horse-sense, and fiercely original drawings by Salvador Dali.



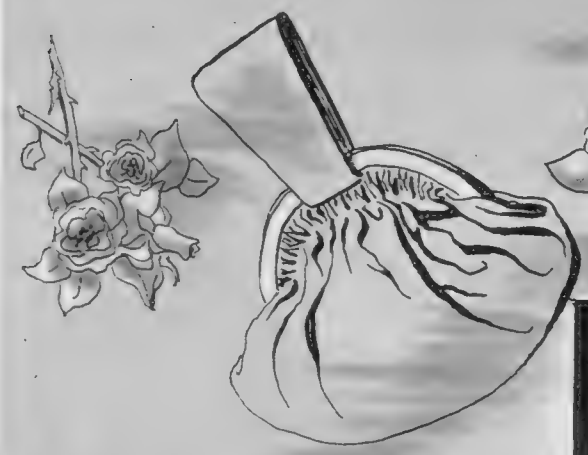
ADMIRERS of Joseph Wechsberg's *Looking for a Bluebird* will know that the oblique chuckle is his speciality. In "Sweet and Sour" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) it punctuates hometown memories of his Czechoslovak youth, episodes in Paris, Monte Carlo, Vienna, New York. The family bank of A. Wechsberg & Co., he discloses, went bankrupt and had to make way for a delicatessen shop. Doesn't that give the clue to his *New Yorker* popularity? His sketches are a literary delicatessen from which, no doubt, he is rebuilding quite a considerable private bank, thus reversing the process?

THE Hon. Edward Vesey Bligh, son of the fifth Earl of Darnley, of Cobham Hall, Kent, went to Eton and Oxford, then into diplomacy for three years. But who can say what love may do even to a diplomat? His fate was Lady Isabel Nevill, daughter of the Earl of Abergavenny, a Kent neighbour at Eridge Castle. The autocratic earl said he wasn't having his daughter dragged about from one outlandish court to another; he had twenty-four livings in his gift—let the young man enter the Church. He did so, and became an earnest Low Church Reformer. His grandson, Dr. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, draws largely on an autobiography Bligh left behind in "This Was a Man" (*Continued on page* 94)

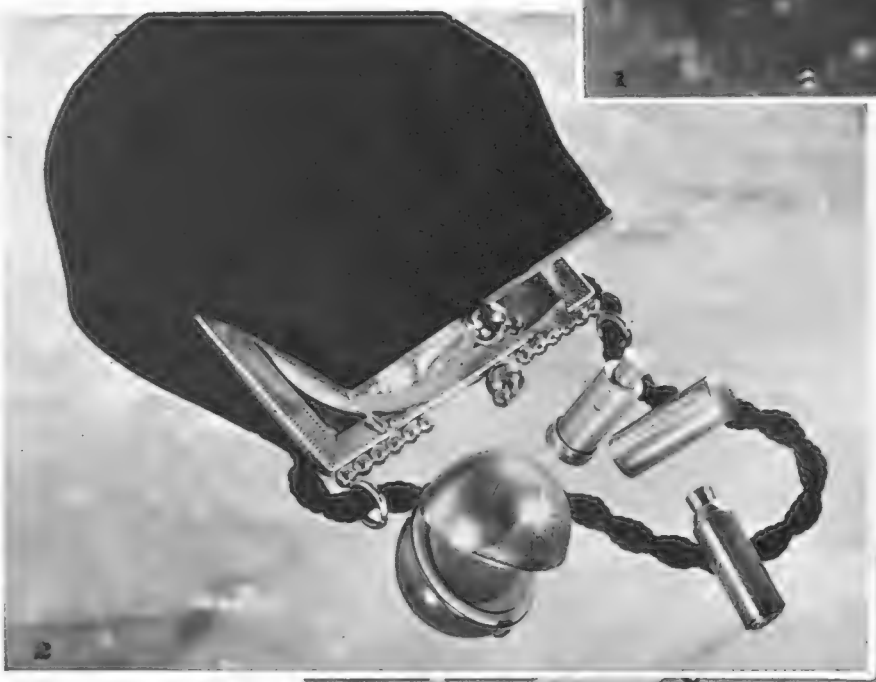


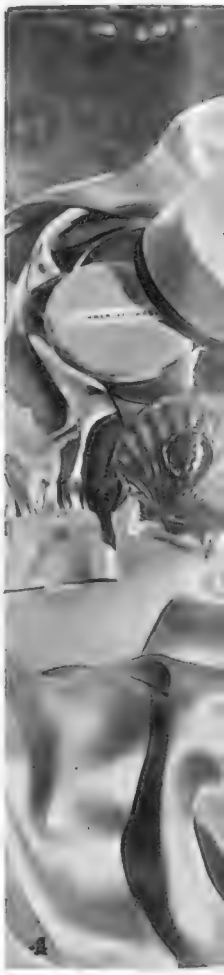
Trimmings

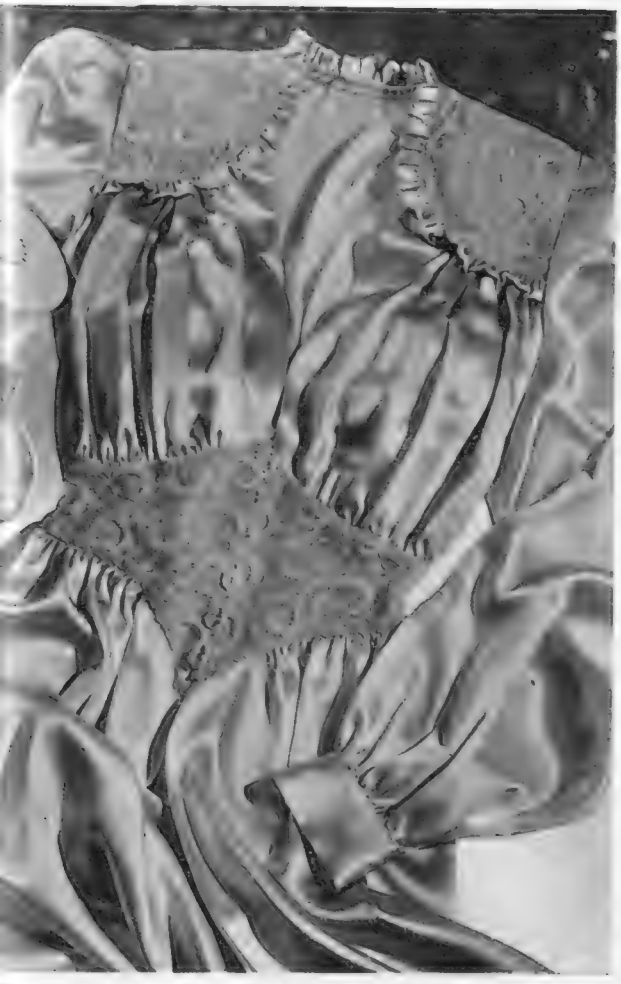
ACCESSORY trimmings for day and evening clothes ; presents to give yourself or your friends include, from top to bottom of the illustration : A brocade evening bag in black or white, embroidered with gold. Original belts—a black suède with a leather leaf design, another with front section and twin buckles of snakeskin, and a third in black and gold velvet brocade with a jet buckle. A gros-grain afternoon bag with loop handle and a cord-pull fastening shopping-bag in tartan. A plain belt has borrowed the current New York craze for suspending a watch from the waistline. In the photograph : A handsome imitation pearl necklet and bracelet to match. The bracelet will join to the necklet, making a " rope " with pearl clasp at either side of the neck.



Gift Suggestions







1. Glass decorative and useful for the house-proud. The Aqua Floream, something quite new in the way of flower vases. Price 45s. from Marshall and Snelgrove, London. The scallop shells and cereal bowl are of Phœnix fireproof glass : from all good stores, the scallop dishes 9d. each, the cereal bowls 1s. each. The Goya crackers, a gift as well as a decoration, each contains two handbag phials of Goya perfume, price 5s.

2. Essentially feminine Gifts. Velour handbag with gilt frame £3 18s. 6d. from Fenwicks. From the same stores comes the automatic handbag scent spray no larger than a lipstick, £1 4s. 6d. From Marshall and Snelgrove, London, the golden ball compact, 25s., and Lancome's elegant cocktail shaker lipstick, 21s. 9d.

3. Solutions to the problem what to give *him*. A selective telephone pad, 27s. 6d., from Marshall and Snelgrove, London. Smith's travelling alarm clock in a dummy "book" case, 6 gns. The Penciliter, a chrome-finish lighter and pencil combined, 57s. 6d. Yardley's After Shaving Lotion. Obtainable in a coffret with shaving bowl and hair tonic, for 16s.

4. A charming lace-trimmed négligé in turquoise or pink from Fenwicks, price £4 14s. 6d. Gala's fine-scented bath powder in a gold-and-white-striped drum, 7s. 6d. ; and Cussons' much-loved Imperial Leather bath salts, 3s. 9d.

5. For the elderly lady, a hot-water bottle cover with appliqués of fragrant garden lavender. Marshall and Snelgrove, London, 23s. 6d. French perfume sachets, 14s. 11d. each. A set of Mitcham Lavender Water and matching bath-cubes by Potter and Moore in a special gift package, price 10s. A gift box from Elizabethan Arden containing Dusting Powder and Hand Lotion in one of her three favourite perfumes, price 25s.

6. From Selfridges' Toy Fair come gifts for the children. The endearing monkey is 22s. 6d. ; the bulldozer, 10s. 8d., the Dinky lawn mower 5s., and the lorry, 13s. 11d.

Focus On Firesides

1. A traditional chimney-corner calls for no further adornment than concealed lighting to enhance its character. 2. Antique glass and china pieces floodlit from the mantel level surmount a Nineteenth-Century fireplace.

ONE of winter's best compensations is in the pleasures of the hearth; in those informal gatherings behind drawn curtains, when the cosiness of the fireside draws a small concourse into the intimacy of a domestic world apart.

In the months ahead no feature of family life is more worthy of a setting planned to promote comfort in the practical sense against a background both restful and appealing to the eye. Here is the focal and social centre of the home. Whether we rest our feet upon the fender of a baronial mansion or a one-room flat, the hearthstone is the hub of home affairs where furniture should be inviting, well placed for relaxation and carefully disposed for easy movement, a place to converse or be silent, to be pleasantly occupied or to be happily idle; at all times a place to look upon with pleasure; a refreshment to the eyes and senses.

Our pictures present a variety of fireside scenes. Some of them show a modern setting, some traditional and some a combination of both. Each has its interest in the study of what it takes to make the fireside one of the most appealing features of home.

3. A balanced grouping of pictures and lamps dramatise a simple fireplace.

4. A low-slung mantelshelf extends across and beyond the chimney-breast, forming bookshelves at either side.

5. Gilt sconces and a fine mirror impart height elegance to a simple fireplace.

6. Delicate detail harmoniously scaled to the limitations of the setting.

7. Fine Eighteenth-Century wall lights and a mirror of the same period focus interest upon this fireside corner.

8. Concave corner bookcases flanking a modern grate with flush steel surround.

Cards On

Fortune Telling makes any Method of Card Reading to

Four eights – a long journey.

ACE	Beware of quarrels.
KING	A dark, influential man.
QUEEN	A dark, hostile woman.
KNAVE	A handsome, fickle young man.
TEN	A warning about health.
NINE	Unlucky card.
EIGHT	A cherished plan will fail.
SEVEN	A temporary change of address.
SIX	Next card refers to children.
FIVE	Unwelcome surprise.
FOUR	Illness of a friend.
THREE	Heartaches.
TWO	An obstacle

Three sevens – beware a dark woman.

ACE	Indicates jewellery, gain or loss.
KING	A tall, fair man.
QUEEN	A blonde woman, indolent and shallow.
KNAVE	A fair, untrustworthy young man.
TEN	Travel, far or near.
NINE	Links preceding card with business.
EIGHT	A legacy for you.
SEVEN	Business or money problems.
SIX	A wedding very soon.
FIVE	Happy solution to problems.
FOUR	Curb your temper.
THREE	A conversation will solve problems.
TWO	Disputes, within family circle.

Three aces – surprise by post.

THIS is a far from serious exposition of the mysteries of Cartomancy. It is intended only as a light entertainment with which to amuse yourself and your friends.

There are many different methods of card-reading. This is a much-simplified one for the amateur to use, leaving plenty of room for the "hunches" on which, in the end, the reputation of the "Seer" will depend.

ALL the serious cartomancers have kept their own personal methods of interpretation a closed secret, but there are traditional meanings for the cards of which some are listed here. The cards should, of course, be interpreted in relation to the personality and background of the fortune-seeker as far as it is known—circumstances not difficult to assess when reading the fortunes of your friends.

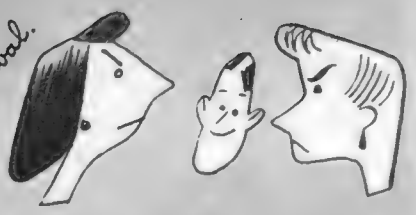
Before laying out the cards, the pack should be thoroughly shuffled by the Fortune-seeker—not the Teller. The top twenty-one cards are laid out by her, face downwards in three rows of seven. The top row is taken to indicate the Past, the second row the Present, and the third row the mysterious Future.

THE Teller should then turn the cards face upwards, one by one, interpreting each according to its meaning and in relation to surrounding cards or sequences. For instance, two or more cards of the same number in a run indicates some change in the mode of living, and adjacent cards may suggest a clue to the circumstances surrounding the change.

It is all good, harmless fun and if you are a good yarn-spinner these rudimentary clues will give the basis needed for the entertainment.

The Table.

Party go. A Simple add to Christmas Fun.



Two Queens — a dangerous Rival.

ACE	Indicates home and family affairs.
KING	A kindly man of medium colour.
QUEEN	A loyal brunette.
JACK	A true friend, probably male.
TEN	Signifies happiness and success.
NINE	Something to celebrate.
EIGHT	Love finds a way.
SEVEN	Path of love unsmooth.
SIX	Romance in your thoughts.
FIVE	A good card bringing gifts.
FOUR	A marriage, not your own.
THREE	Beware of careless talk.
TWO	You hear of a death.

Two nines — business success.

ACE	Indicates a contented phase ahead.
KING	A dark man who can be trusted.
QUEEN	A dark woman and loyal friend.
JACK	A generous, dark young man.
TEN	Travel, perhaps over-seas.
NINE	Avoid bad company.
EIGHT	Don't dally. Make up your mind.
SEVEN	You will go to law.
SIX	Beware, or important plans miscarry.
FIVE	Money you don't expect.
FOUR	A temporary change of residence.
THREE	Stand firm, you will win through.
TWO	Nothing significant ahead.

Three nines — a removal.

THE MEANING OF CARD SEQUENCES.

Four Aces	A significant run. Momentous changes very near.
Three Aces	A surprise, probably by post.
Two Aces	Events will not proceed as you anticipate.
Four Kings	Developments in business or professional affairs.
Three Kings	Long-overdue recognition is coming.
Two Kings	Friends are willing to help you—let them.
Four Queens	A party on the way.
Three Queens	Someone is disloyal.
Two Queens	A dangerous rival.
Four Jacks	You will be disappointed in someone you trust.
Three Jacks	Difficulties ahead.
Two Jacks	Some worry in store.
Four Tens	The best run in the pack. Everything rosy.
Three Tens	Coming difficulties solved by outside assistance.
Two Tens	Bodes well for your finances.
Four Nines	Augurs good health and happiness.
Three Nines	A removal.
Two Nines	Success will come in business.
Four Eights	A long journey.
Three Eights	Signifies clothes. Additions to your wardrobe.
Two Eights	A blonde woman threatens your peace of mind.
Four Sevens	Guard against accidental injury.
Three Sevens	Beware of a dark woman.
Two Sevens	A pleasant surprise.

Tie-Ups For The Tree

With a wider and more varied choice of wrapping papers and decorations, the festive touch this year can be original and gay.

CHRISTMAS gifts, on which so much time and thought has been spent in the selection, should be wrapped to match the mood of the season, so that they give pleasure even before they are opened. Go all out for colour with printed wrapping papers or coloured cellophane. Avoid plain brown paper, except for parcels which are going by post, and even then the gift can be colourfully wrapped underneath.

Dress up the packages with small sprigs of holly or mistletoe of the kind made for cake decorations, or tie on the gay miniature figures which are also intended to crown the cake. Even the most sensible present can be brightly packaged, and with a small effort those to go on the tree can add colour and gaiety to the Christmas decorations. Wrap small gifts as crackers in assorted coloured papers, crêpe or cellophane, scissor-fringe the paper at each end to a depth of about an inch-and-a-half, and tie with coloured ribbon.

If you have colourful Christmas cards and time is at a premium, a simple solution to the packaging problem is to put the card on top of the gift and put both in a cellophane bag so that the card shows, tying up the bag with coloured ribbons.

Small children usually prefer the excitement of a series of small packages rather than one big parcel. Wrap little gifts in varying coloured cellophane and fasten them to a centre "stalk" or thick cord. The result is rather like an outsize bunch of grapes, as the illustration on the left shows, and looks decorative on the tree or on the table. (*Contd. on p. 79*)

Larger parcels can be swathed in coloured cellophane with a Christmas cake decoration peeping from the top. Small packages look festive wrapped in cotton-wool, sprinkled with frosting and tied with ribbon, or tied up lattice-wise with multi-coloured ribbons.

(*Left*) Fruit massed in a dish makes a colourful set piece. Garnish the fruit and garland the lamp stands with sprays of holly, or ivy. Red Cellophane covers over the lampshades, tied with silver ribbon, give additional atmosphere

lampshades will send a warm glow over the room. Candles, of course, are always lovely and candlesticks are easy to find or devise.

The Christmas dinner table can be as festive as the meal demands. Again, weld the decorations into a definite scheme. Set the table as a scene, such as a snow scene. The centrepiece could, for instance, be built upon a silver paper cakestand which will pass as a frozen pond if toy figures are sent skating upon it. Surround the stand with cotton-wool sprinkled with "frost" and set sprays of holly and miniature fir trees at the water's edge. Repeat the motif with silvered sprays of holly tucked into folded table napkins.

The Seasonable Note Is Colour . . .

THE ritual of putting up decorations and festooning the walls with evergreens epitomizes the spirit of Christmas. That the result is more often conspicuous by its colour than by its elegance, is a danger that with forethought and planning can be avoided.

The secret of attractive and original decorations lies partly in choice of colour scheme and partly in grouping. A piecemeal distribution of paper chains, holly and evergreen throughout a normally well-furnished room is a sacrifice of good taste to the seasonal mood.

To be effective, temporary Christmas decorations of a room should be carefully thought out and arranged in relation to the permanent décor. A few shillings' worth of evergreen and holly, massed in an alcove or over the mantelpiece, garlanded with coloured ribbon and flood-lit with an ordinary electric bulb shaded with coloured Cellophane will be at once more attractive and more effective than the same amount of greenery scattered throughout the room.

THE same principle applies to paper chains. They may go up for the benefit of the children on Christmas Eve, but the rest of the family who has to bear with them until Twelfth Night should have its artistic feelings considered, too. Massed together, either over the mantelpiece, or wherever the layout of the room demands, they will give the children just as much pleasure as when they are trailed all over the ceiling. Adopt a definite colour scheme and stick to it consistently throughout the room, choosing colours which will blend happily with the permanent décor.

Coloured lighting can give the festive atmosphere with a minimum of effort. Temporary slip covers of red or pink Cellophane, over the usual table

From the wide selection of Christmas table decorations available, the examples (above and right), seemed to be the most charming. The winsome angels are made in plaster, and the fairies clothed in gossamer Cellophane

Bobble Stitch In Gold

MATERIALS: 9 oz. of Wendy "Super Botany" 3-ply in gold (shade No. B509); 1 pair each of No. 12 and No. 9 knitting needles; 3 press studs for back fastening.

MEASUREMENTS: Bust, 32-34 in.; length, 21 in.; sleeves, 18½ in.

TENSION: Between 7½ and 7¼ stitches to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 103 sts. **1st rib row.**—K. 1, (p. 2, k. 1) to end. **2nd rib row.**—P. 1, (k. 2, p. 1) to end. Rep. these 2 rows until 6 ins. from start. Change to No. 9 needles and patt.

1st row.—Rib 7 (p. 5, rib 7) to end.

2nd row.—Rib 7, (k. 5, rib 7) to end.

Rep. last 2 rows twice more.

7th row.—(Bobble 1, p. 2, bobble 1, p. 2, bobble 1, p. 5) to end, finishing p. 2, bobble 1.

8th row.—As 2nd row.

These 8 rows form patt. Rep. them, inc. 1 st. at both ends of next and every 8th row 9 times (121), taking extra sts. into patt. as they come. Complete 80th patt. row.

(*Continued on page 76*)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; inc. = increase or increasing; dec. = decrease or decreasing; patt. = pattern; rep. = repeat; sl. = slip; bobble 1 = k. into back and front of next st. 3 times in all, making 6 sts., then sl. the first 5 over the last, leaving 1 st. on right needle; tog. = together.

Open Weave In Violet

MATERIALS: 5 oz. "Target" Campanula 3-ply in No. 2489 violet; 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles; 1 medium crochet hook; elastic for waist.

MEASUREMENTS: From top of shoulder to lower edge, 19½ in.; across back and front underarms, 17 in.

TENSION: 7 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 9 needles cast on 100 sts. K. 4 rows plain knitting. Then work 1 in. stocking st. (1 row k., 1 row p.). End on a purl row. Continue as follows: Right side facing ****1st row.**—K. 2 tog., * m. 1, k. 2 tog.; rep. from *, ending m. 1, k. 2. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—K. 2, * m. 1, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to end. **4th row.**—P. Rep. these 4 rows once. Then work 8 rows stocking st.** (These 16 rows form patt.) Rep. from ** to ** 4 times more. Then work 8 rows open patt.

SHAPE CAP SLEEVE

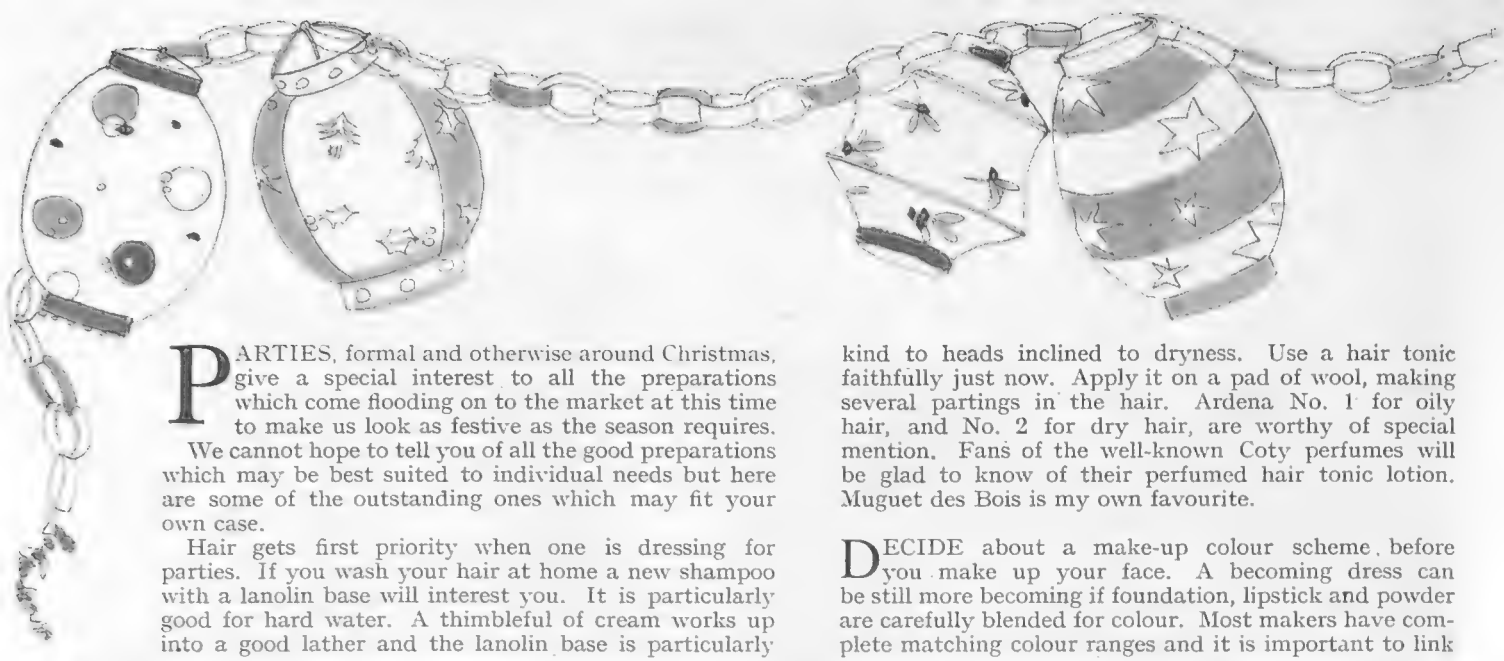
Inc. 1 st. each end of every p. row for 16 rows until 132 sts. (keeping all inc. sts. in stocking st.). Now continue, still keeping inc. st. every p. row, but taking open weave stitch right to sleeve edge, until 156 sts. and sleeve measures 7 ins.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of every armhole edge row 8 times (64 sts. each side). Cast off remaining sts. for back of the neck. (*Continued on page 76*)

December Buys

IF it's a new dress you are looking for, something dressy enough for Christmas events and practical enough for normal wear make a choice from here in silk or wool at down-to-earth prices. The two dresses on the left are Percy Trilnick models, one in tartan taffeta with a wide circular skirt and lace edged collar and cuffs (£7 15s. 0d.), the next a moire with a pleated frill at hem and sleeve line (£8 approx.). A beige wool jersey, top, has dolman sleeves, a cavalier collar and a wide leather belt (£4 16s. 6d.) and a fine black rayon jersey (£4 15s. 0d.). Both designed by Linzi. Particulars of retail stockists will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope to The Woman's Section, BRITANNIA AND EVE, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.



PARTIES, formal and otherwise around Christmas, give a special interest to all the preparations which come flooding on to the market at this time to make us look as festive as the season requires.

We cannot hope to tell you of all the good preparations which may be best suited to individual needs but here are some of the outstanding ones which may fit your own case.

Hair gets first priority when one is dressing for parties. If you wash your hair at home a new shampoo with a lanolin base will interest you. It is particularly good for hard water. A thimbleful of cream works up into a good lather and the lanolin base is particularly kind to heads inclined to dryness. Use a hair tonic faithfully just now. Apply it on a pad of wool, making several partings in the hair. Ardena No. 1 for oily hair, and No. 2 for dry hair, are worthy of special mention. Fans of the well-known Coty perfumes will be glad to know of their perfumed hair tonic lotion. Muguet des Bois is my own favourite.

DECIDE about a make-up colour scheme before you make up your face. A becoming dress can be still more becoming if foundation, lipstick and powder are carefully blended for colour. Most makers have complete matching colour ranges and it is important to link

Skins Tell The Inside Story

WITH typical disregard for the vanity of human beings, Nature has made the skin a kind of signboard on which the story of inner health is written. Pallor and discoloration tell their own stories to the practised eye. Eruptions speak of impoverishment within. In other words,

skins, more than anything, tell the story of inside health.

Scattered over the skin are hair follicles and sweat glands. Beneath are several layers which form the epidermis and beneath again lie blood vessels and nerves, a complex and highly sensitive combination reflecting conditions within.

Hair follicles which have become clogged and, as a result infected, are frequent causes of eruption. This is why absolute cleanliness—deep cleanliness—of the skin is a foremost precaution against spots. Dirt and make-up combining with the natural secretions in the pores are easily inflammable. Skins which tend to spot easily are benefited by occasional steam baths, to open the pores at which point they should be cleansed with a lather of good medicated soap and then braced again with a cold splash of clear water. Deep cleansing creams and lotions used regularly do a good job of prevention where spots threaten. This is especially true of the relaxed open-pored skin typical of the dark complexions.

THE more serious eruptions like boils come from a number of causes including weakness after illness; a run-down condition; impoverished blood and sometimes by streptococal infection which can only be dealt with medically.

Yeast is a homely remedy which continues to prove itself a valuable antidote. It can be taken in the form of pills, or better still, fresh. A small pill rolled from a nut of fresh brewers' yeast taken three times a day is often effective and has the virtue of being inexpensive.

Acne, the bugbear of the adolescent, can be serious if it is neglected inasmuch as a chronic condition sometimes leaves permanent scars, but in most cases of adolescent acne, the attack is mild and clears itself with the normal readjustment of the system to the adult phase. Nevertheless the unsightly blemishes may have a psychological effect on the young sufferer out of all proportion to the seriousness of the complaint and it is worth while, for this reason, applying remedial measures.

The steam bath (the head is held over a bowl of hot water and covered with a towel), followed by cleansing with a medicated soap is helpful. There are some reliable preparations designed to minimize the complaint which I can tell you about if you write to me for particulars. Chronic cases of acne call for specialist advice, but passing attacks can be alleviated by home treatment.

As skin conditions are indicative of inner health, internal treatment is necessary for skin troubles, as well as external palliatives. Spots and blemishes are less often a complaint in their own right, as a symptom of a physical upset. Seek out the basic causes, whether they lie in digestive disturbances, nervous upsets or an impoverished blood circulation. Until these basic troubles have been treated and cured, the skin will not reflect the inner story of stabilized good health.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope

Programme Of Attractions

make-up colours with those you are wearing. Incidentally, there are some exciting new colours. Coty's Red Ribbon is gay and flattering with black, Tangee's Pink Queen, is best with blue. Another newcomer is Lentheric's Confetti, a delightful choice for young faces.

A little Lip Gloss over lipstick adds glamour and prevents the lips from chapping. The same makers—Max Factor—have relaunched their Hollywood eyebrow pencil in black or brown. Remember to tidy your brows before using it and, if necessary, lengthen the line.

EYESHADOW adds depth and brilliance to the eyes in the evening, though inclined to look garish by daylight. If black or brown seem too hard, use blue. Close your eyes and powder over the eye shadow. Ask to see the four new shades made by Cyclax.

If artificial light tends to make you colourless in the evening use a rosy tinted base with powder to match. Four new good shades by Hinds have depth of colour. They are Honey, Almond Blossom, Peach Blossom and Brazil.

IF you find your make-up will not last the whole evening there is a solution: cleanse your face with cleansing milk, follow with astringent and much less powder base than you would ordinarily use. But after the party cleanse with cream. If your skin is of the hypersensitive kind, try Richard Hudnut's "Three Flowers," this is free of any ingredients which may possibly have an irritant effect.

NAIL varnish and lipstick must match exactly. Elizabeth Arden and Gala both sell lacquers to harmonize with their lipsticks while Peggy Sage has a "Pale Cream" varnish, ideal for the young girl or for those who prefer the less dazzling shades. "Oil Dry," a new preparation of Peggy Sage's, makes lacquer dry in about half the usual time and gives a long lasting brilliance.

If There's Perfume In Your Stocking

IT is an odds-on chance that there will be perfume in your stocking. It is the perrenial, the easy and the forever welcome gift. It may be that you will be in a position to select your perfume. Wise present givers consult the wishes of the recipient on this matter, a precaution more than ever essential now that there are so many beguiling fragrances to choose from.

Of the old favourites, what more nostalgic perfume than that classic, Chanel No. 5 and Molyneux's Numero Cinq? Of the newer ones, suited to the sophisticate, there is "Miss Dior" named after the daughter of the famous dress designer, sponsored by Charles of the Ritz. Goya's heavenly twins, "Decision" and "Vibration" must not be forgotten either. While for country wear there is Lentheric's ever popular "Tweed."

IF you prefer flower fragrances to the more sophisticated kinds, there is the never failing and always popular Lavender by Yardley, "Gardenia" by Goya, "Muguet des Bois" (Lily of the Valley) by Coty, "Honeysuckle" by Floris, "English Fern" by Bronnley and "Wisteria" by Morny. These are just a few of many that have the true scent of the flower in season.

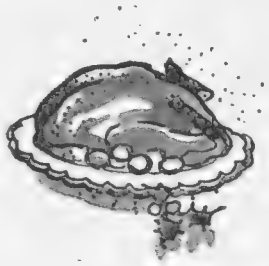
Women who like to use perfume as a regular item of their make-up will find Atkinson's four Daytime perfumes delicate enough to be right on all occasions.

MENTION of refreshing Colognes must not be omitted. Atkinsons, Saville and Cussons all make it. Their names are a guarantee of its quality.

How to wear your perfume? Directly on the skin always, for the warmth of the body holds the fragrance. In the crook of the arm, on a piece of wool slipped inside the bra, on the lobe of the ear, sprayed into gloves so that the hands emerge in an aura of perfume.

English Cooking

Comes Into Its Own At Christmas



IT is certain that our long tradition of making Christmas the embodiment of all our culinary skill has led to very excellent results. The continental chef may beat us every time with his soups and pattisseries but when it comes to Christmas fare anyone who has spent Christmas abroad will realize that there's no place like home on the 25th of December. On this day the English cook has come into his own. The dishes we associate with Christmas suit the best type of English cookery, as they are rich but simple, as delicious as any of the most elaborately concocted dishes. Although to a certain extent we have had to cut our cloth to meet the demands of austerity, yet we all manage at any cost to maintain our traditional Christmas and there is hardly a table which does not still produce its Christmas pudding, mince pies, Christmas cake, and those fascinating odds and ends which sit about the Christmas table in little dishes. Even if the turkey is often rabbit or meat it is still so dressed up with the well-known accompaniments of a special forcemeat, bread sauce and so on that the spirit of the feast is maintained.

Assuming then that we have hoarded for weeks that bit of extra fat, sugar and other necessities for our Christmas feast let us think how best to spread these ingredients to produce a festive table. One can choose quite economical recipes as a basis and then make astonishing transformations with careful additions of extra flavourings and more especially, in the accompaniments. Nuts can play an important part in stuffing, flavouring and garnishing; also sherry, rum, or cider. It is to illustrate this idea of simplicity adorned that I have chosen the following recipes, beginning with Christmas dinner.

If turkey or chicken are on the menu the following stuffing makes a variation and is also good for goose as a change from sage and onion.

CHESTNUT AND CELERY STUFFING

Ingredients: 4 oz. breadcrumbs; ½ lb. chestnuts; 2 oz. margarine; milk or stock to bind; seasoning; 1 teacupful finely-chopped celery; small tablespoonful chopped parsley.

Put chestnuts in a good oven till skins break. Remove shells. Boil till tender in salted water; rub through sieve; melt margarine and mix in. Add other ingredients, mixing with just enough stock or milk to make a stiff paste.

If you are trying to make one chicken go a long way it is a help to accompany it with fritters of sweet corn or sausage, or this sausage pie is excellent served with the chicken.

SAUSAGE PIE

Ingredients: 1 lb. sausage meat; ½ lb. rough puff pastry; 3 large tomatoes; 2 onions; ½ lb. mushrooms; 1 gill stock; seasoning.

Fry mushrooms, and sliced onions till golden brown. Fill pie dish with sausage and layer mushrooms, onion and thickly-sliced tomatoes on top. Season vegetables well. Pour stock over and cover pie with a thick lid of pastry. Brush over with milk and decorate with pastry holly leaves and bells.

Other Ways With Nuts

WE are often conservative in designating certain foods to certain occasions. Nuts have always figured in Christmas Fare. Christmas pudding, mincemeat and cake contain the excellent flavour of chopped nuts, almonds with raisins, salted nuts, chestnut stuffing. There is no reason, however, why nuts should not be also introduced frequently in everyday cooking. They are a complete and nourishing food and improve flavour. For instance, chopped nuts combined with celery, cream cheese or banana or dates for sandwiches; chopped walnuts in cream fillings for cakes; puréed chestnuts for soup, stuffing, cake filling, puddings, biscuits. Roasted nuts are better still for flavour; chopped and mixed into biscuit fillings; a layer on top of fruit cake, specially when fruit is meagre. Nuts are good introduced into salads, vegetarian cutlets, currys, savoury pancakes, scones, steamed puddings. Salted nuts are good to accompany cheese meals or vegetable soups, or with drinks. Almonds, walnuts, peanuts, hazel nuts, cachew nuts are all suitable. To prepare, blanch nuts in boiling water. Heat some margarine in a frying pan; allowing a desertspoonful to every cup of nuts. Scatter nuts in fat, cook gently stirring all the time till nuts are light brown all over. Drain, sprinkle table salt freely on piece of grease-proof paper. Roll nuts in it till evenly coated. Leave to cool. Crisp in low oven before using.

Another tasty variation for feeding the multitude from one chicken, game bird or rabbit, is to make a very large oval "vol au vent" with 1 lb. of rough puff pastry and prepare filling thus :

Cut cooked chicken into pieces. Place in a casserole with a few sliced tomatoes, a cupful of chopped celery, 1 sliced onion, a bay leaf, ½ a pint of stock and wineglassful of cider. Cover and cook in slow oven, Regulo 3 or 275° F., till vegetables are tender. Strain off liquid and use to make a thick brown sauce. Add chicken and just before serving fill vol au vent case with mixture. Serve with bread sauce and forcemeat balls.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Ingredients: 8 oz. flour; 8 oz. suet; 8 oz. mixed dried fruit; 6 oz. brown sugar; grated rind and juice of 1 orange; 2 oz. candied peel; a few glacé cherries cut in half.

Clean all fruit well with extra flour. Mix all ingredients together, then beat in enough beer to make a very stiff batter. Boil 8 to 10 hours.

A good sauce to accompany the pudding is :

CHERRY SAUCE

Ingredients: 1½ oz. glacé cherries; juice of ½ lemon; 2 small tablespoonfuls castor sugar; heaped teaspoonful cornflour; ¼ pint sherry.

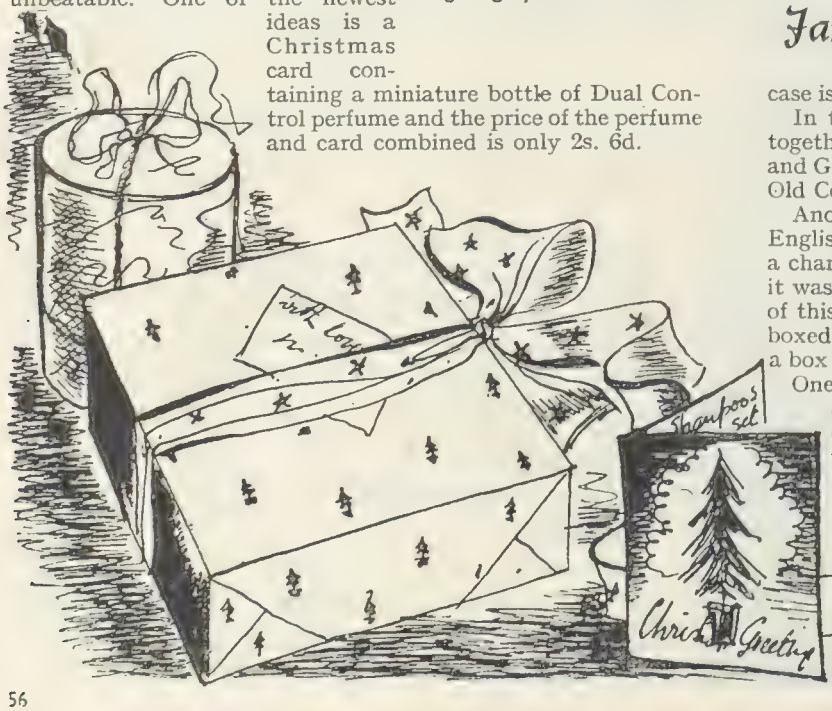
Chop cherries small. Put in a pan with sugar and lemon. Make a paste with cornflower and a tablespoonful of water. Put this and sherry into pan; bring slowly to the boil, stirring to keep smooth. Boil till sauce is clear and serve very hot.

(*Continued on page* 94)

In Search Of Glamour

THERE is probably not one woman in a thousand who knows exactly how much she spends each Christmas on Christmas presents, Christmas cards and postage stamps. This is just one occasion when nice people do not count the cost. Most of us make out a list of the Christmas presents we intend to buy and have a self-imposed ceiling price for each present. The same routine usually applies to Christmas cards and calendars, and if we can keep within our financial limit we may consider ourselves lucky.

For sheer glamour and gaiety the beauty gift packs this winter are unbeatable. One of the newest ideas is a Christmas card containing a miniature bottle of Dual Control perfume and the price of the perfume and card combined is only 2s. 6d.



I HAVE had two surprises just lately. The first was an entirely unexpected gift which is one of the most amusing and delightful scarves I have ever seen. It is a large, heavy white silk crêpe scarf patterned all over with every type of champagne label. The yellow label of Veuve Cliquot 1928, the grey of Krug 1937, the Cordon Rouge, the Charles Heidsick, Dry Monopole, Moët & Chandon, in fact the label of every champagne that we have ever drunk.

The second surprise was when I discovered to my joy that one of the results of giving up nursing is that I am now a stock size in the ceiling price clothes category. For less than £20 I found the best-looking black winter town coat I have seen in many a long day. It has a half-belt which makes the back fullness fit smartly round the waist. The collar is convertible and can be worn snugly up around my neck or open in revers. When worn high it is fastened with tassels and cords. The front is double-breasted, and there are two flap pockets. I needed a new cocktail dress to wear with this coat and found one in heavy black poult. It has a "V" shaped neck and a collar which can also be worn high or flat, three-quarter-length sleeves, a neat belt of the same material and a full skirt with two bands. This cost only £17 6s., and I could have had it in bottle-green, gun-metal or burgundy or in various brocades, mixed pearl-grey, gold-grey or black and tan.

Jane Gordon

"Bath Blossoms," another enchanting idea, is a new bath luxury and you can get them in six different perfumes. A box of six costs 2s. 6d. and the individual "bath blossom" can be hung on a Christmas tree or stuck in a Christmas stocking.

Another brand new Christmas gift which can be hung on the tree or put in a stocking is the "Lipstick" case mascara. The lipstick case is most attractive and unbreakable. When you pull off the top there is a tiny bottle brush which screws into the centre of the mascara. The advantage of the brush is that it is just the thing for curling the lashes at the same time as applying the mascara. The price of the complete outfit in its Cellophane case is 4s. 6d. and the mascara shades are black, blue or brown.

In the under 10s. category you can get two colognes boxed together in a book pack. One contains Old Cottage lavender and Gold Still Cologne costing 5s. 10d. for the book and the other Old Cottage lavender water and smelling salts price 5s. 5d.

Another gift box containing a well-known eau-de Cologne and English lavender is packed in a gaily striped box decorated with a charming picture of Bond Street in 1832 showing the shop as it was then on the same site that it occupies to-day. The price of this is 9s. 5d. Bath dusting powder complete with puff and boxed with the same picture costs 7s. 10d. For a man there is a box containing eau-de Cologne and shaving soap price 9s. 10d.

One of the most attractive Christmas caskets can be bought for 8s. and is called the "Charm Kit." This contains a jar of cold cream, a jar of vanishing cream, a box of face powder and a small size lipstick. (*Continued on page 76*)

It's almost Christmas now!

Who else but Elizabeth Arden can weave the spell of Christmas morning with such enchantment?

1 *Beauty Trio . . . Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic and Velva Cream or Orange Skin Food 29/3*
2 *Blue Grass Perfume, gay and exhilarating as a spring morning 5 gns.* **3** *52/6*
4 *Flower Mist . . . a light and airy fragrance, Blue Grass, Night and Day, Jasmin, June, Geranium 10/9 17/6*
5 *Flower Mist with atomiser 23/3*
6 *Fragrant Flower Mist and Dusting Powder, Blue Grass or Night and Day 27/6*
7 *Blue Grass Perfume and Automatic Lipstick 38/- With enamel lipstick 25/6*
8 *Gift Box with 9 preparations for skin care and make-up £4*
9 *Dusting Powder and Hand Lotion 25/-*
10 *Eau de Cologne and Snowdrift Dusting Powder 27/6*
11 *Night and Day Perfume, to whisper of elegance 42/6*
12 *Night and Day Perfume 6 gns.*
13 *Blue Grass Box. Flower Mist. Bath Salts. Dusting Powder 52/6*
14 *Blue Grass Dusting Powder and Flower Mist 30/-*
15 *Lipstick and harmonising Nail Lacquer 21/9*

Elizabeth Arden

Be happy about your feet—in

Selberite

ARCH PRESERVERS

Shoes that fit properly keep their shape and style much longer. That is why Manfield think so highly of Selberites. In this remarkable range, most probably you will find the very pair of shoes you are looking for—most certainly in the fitting your feet require. Do call at your nearest Manfield shop, see the new Selberites, and try them on.

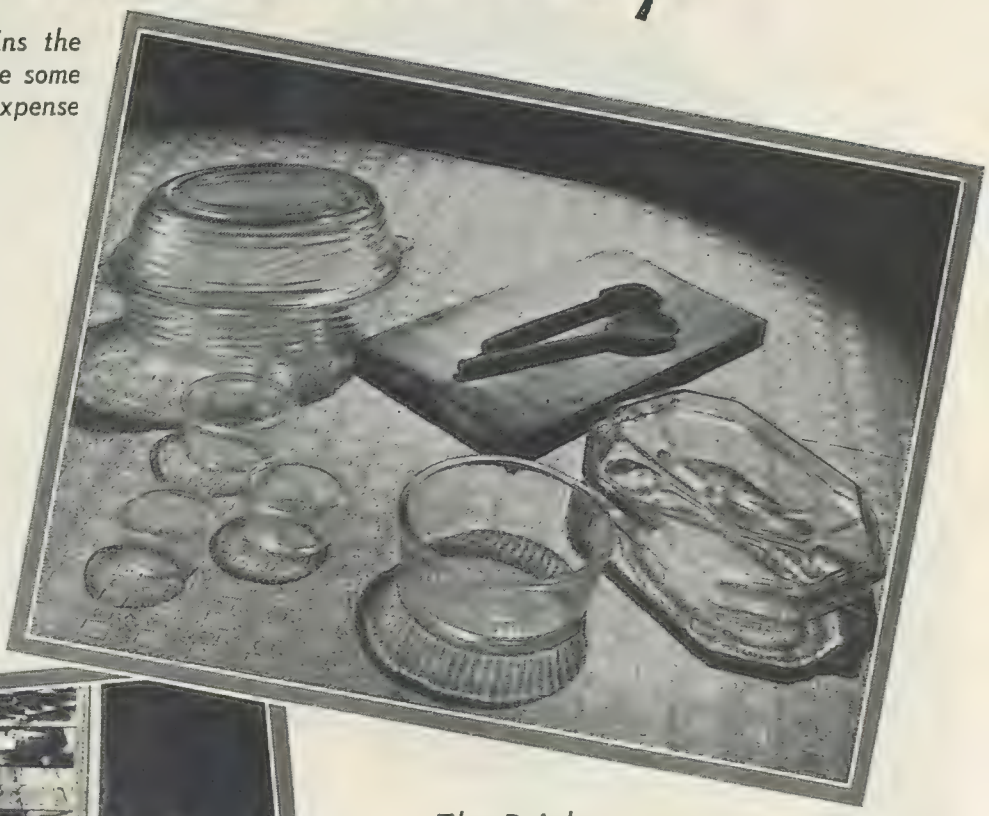
MANFIELD

famous for shoes

style fit wear

Try It This Way

The influx of Christmas guests strains the resources of most households. Here are some ideas designed to save time, effort and expense



The Catering

ALL the good things to eat which are an essential part of the Christmas tradition inevitably involve the hostess in an endless round of preparation. Some of the effort of serving and washing up, however, can be reduced by using fireproof ware which can go straight from the oven to the table. These fireproof glass dishes have a particularly seasonable application, the chicken casserole price 10s., the covered entrée dish 8s. 6d., and the fluted soufflé dishes from 6d. to 4s. 6d. according to size.

A pressure cooker is a good saver both of time and effort. The "twinset" consists of two pressure pans, one large and one rather smaller, with one lid which fits both. The result is increased cooking capacity at little extra cost. The price of the "twinset" is 89/6.

The Drinks

FOLLOW the French lead in serving a good white wine before the meal instead of the more usual "gin and something." A white wine with good body makes an excellent apéritif and is less costly than spirits. Choose one of the white burgundies such as Chablis, Pouilly Fuisse or Meursault, or, for those who like a sweet drink, a white bordeaux such as Barsac or Sauterne.

Vin Chaud is a welcome brew on a cold winter's evening and not the least of its recommendations is that it can be successfully made from the cheaper red wine (Algerian wine does excellently). Pour the wine into a saucepan, add a slice or two of lemon, a dash of cayenne pepper, two lumps of sugar, a little ground nutmeg and a clove and heat gently on a low fire. Don't on any account let it boil. Decant into a warmed earthenware jug to serve.

The Entertainment

A GOOD hostess never forces parlour games upon her guests, but it is, nevertheless, wise to have some in reserve for those who enjoy them.

For the family party of mixed ages, collect one or two games which involve little skill and plenty of fun so that everyone can join in. A good example is "Tic-Tac," a model racing game which comes complete with cardboard horses and model race card, price 5s. 11d.

"Oscar" will provide good entertainment for the adult party. The game is played on similar lines to Monopoly with every player a film star and an Oscar as the stakes. The hazards are ingenious and include all those which hit the Hollywood confrérie, from broken contracts to casting for the title rôle, so the thrill of climbing the ladder to fame is all but authentic.

"Cluedo" is the game for thriller fans. It is played by means of pieces moved on a playing board representing the ground floor plan of a house. The object is to solve by means of deduction the problem of the murder of the owner of the house.

The winner is the first to identify in one accusation, the murderer, the weapon and the room in which the crime was committed.

Career Mother

IN a recent letter to the Press a mother with a small child wrote: "We can't balance our budget even though neither of us has any fun. Wouldn't our lives be more enjoyable if I went back to work and hired help with the care of my child?"

The same question poses itself in many homes where living standards are showing reflections of the high cost of living. It is a tricky decision to make, but as one who decided eight years ago in favour of a return to work when my two children were less than three years old, my advice to others is against such a project while children are small, without a very objective and exhaustive study of the cost in money and emotional wear and tear.

Leaving aside the question whether or not it is a proper thing to deprive young children of a hundred-per-cent mother care, the high cost of providing substitute help in the home makes it imperative that the business mother's income is a substantial one. Nursery schools are not a complete solution, since school hours do not normally cover the whole period of the mother's absence and further assistance is still required.

BETWEEN their sixth and seventh birthdays children rapidly develop self-reliance, and the practicability of leaving them to the care of others and, to some extent, to their own devices becomes more evident.

Daily help is admittedly only half as costly as resident help but in emotional wear and tear the "daily" is far more costly.

If a mother can take part-time, or free-lance employment; if she has the qualifications for work in any branch of teaching where she can enjoy school holidays, daily help may prove adequate. Otherwise, resident help is indispensable. This adds at least three pounds a week and "help with the rough" to the budget, in addition to inflated housekeeping costs, though it *is* possible to employ foreign domestic labour at a minimum cost of two pounds per week.

I have myself employed two Norwegians, neither of whom have expected further assistance, and both have been housekeepers in the fullest sense of the word. My own estimate of the cost of a foreign domestic is about £230 a year in wages and board.

With these figures in mind, the next step is to calculate such costs as fares and lunches, additional clothes and the further incidental costs which arise when home tasks which one would normally do oneself are put beyond the limits of time and energy.

To this total must be added income tax. Here the picture is less discouraging than it was, now that married business women are taxed as single ones. In practical figures, if you earn as much as four hundred a year, it may be just possible to afford resident help, but there will be no room for other indulgences. To add further luxuries to a resident help, ten pounds a week is about the minimum to earn.

The financial cost of being a career mother is easier to calculate than the cost in emotional wear and tear both for herself and for the family. Unless one is of a very placid disposition the emotional stress is a serious factor to consider though, of course, in a job which permits some flexibility of working hours this aspect of the problem is lightened.

AN incident typical of the career mother's problems occurred the other day when my eight-year-old daughter phoned me at my office, at a very busy moment of the day. She was at home from school with a cold and Bjorg, our Norwegian maid, had gone out to do some essential shopping. "Mummy, Bjorg's out," she said, "and I'm all alone, and it's awfully spooky." I thought quickly, and told her to leave her bed for the sofa downstairs and to wrap herself in a blanket and turn the radio on. If Bjorg didn't return soon, or she still felt unhappy, to ring me again. As it happens it did work, but if it hadn't I should have had to decide whether or not to leave the child to her fears or leave the office and go home. In my own case, being lucky in my employment, it would have been possible to leave for home, but that might not be so for others. Yet this is typical of the emergencies for which a "gainfully occupied" mother must be prepared.

Generalizations are seldom telling, since circumstances change the aspect of individual problems, but Nature herself makes one generalization in not permitting mothers to achieve any lasting happiness or peace of mind unless the interests of their children are receiving first priority.

MARGARET NEALE

Left. This furniture is of the simplest, but an exotic note is introduced by covering the headboard and the footboard in the same fabric as the bedspread. *Below.* A charming three-tier edition of the jardinière for which a plain white wall makes the most effective foil

Home Thoughts From Abroad

DURING the past few years, furnishing trends abroad have had no more than a theoretical interest for British homemakers. The labour-saving, space-saving principles of American design and the classical simplicity of Scandinavian furnishing schemes have been no more than a legend. But with the appearance of the first consignments of Danish furniture in the Utility ranges here, the furnishing trends in countries abroad once again have a practical interest.

These Swedish examples demonstrate the Scandinavian genius for combining classical simplicity with richness of detail. In many instances, the effects depend on architectural features such as the proportion of the room, and the placing and the size of the windows, but certain individual ideas lend themselves to adaptation to the English vernacular.

A dining unit that is both practical and gay. The contrast between the severe functionalism of the furniture and the exotic treatment of the decor may not appeal to our tastes as much as the clever handling of contrasting fabrics. *Right.* Plain walls and the airy spaciousness makes it possible for checked and flowered fabrics and a repeat animal motif (they are actually minute white elephants) to exist in their own right and not cancel out each other

EVERY so often somebody pops up to assure us that the art of conversation is dead and that our loquacious forefathers must be turning in their graves at the quality of the interchanges which now pass as conversation. Possibly there is some truth in this, though one suspects that in the days of the Incomparables, Johnson and Wilde, there were probably no fewer inarticulates among the rank and file than there are to-day. It is not how or why the conversational art has declined which matters so much, as how the individual exponent can improve.

We all realize the value as a social accomplishment of the ability to converse with fluency in such a way as to capture the interest of all listeners, but few of us take measures to acquire the art.

One way and the other there is very little stimulus to conversation when mechanical entertainment drives us farther and farther into silence. It is hard to practise one's repartee on an opponent who has one ear on the nine o'clock news and now, like the last nail in the coffin of good conversation, comes television to silence the remaining few who are prepared to make a stand for the conversational art.

FOR all this, most women are conscious that though other attractions may carry them a long way it is, in the long run, the woman with the persuasive line of talk who has the trump cards.

But what to do about it? How does one become a good conversationalist?

Plainly, if interests are limited to what the butcher brought for lunch, or whether or not one can last another month without a new perm, conversational scope is equally circumscribed. A variety of interests must find expression in words.

Even so, a person with wider interests is still limited if the vocabulary is inadequate. The ability to express ideas with ease and with clarity depends upon finding the right words to fit the case. Shakespeare had a vocabulary of thirty thousand words. The modern average is said to be three thousand. The result is that one superlative has to do ten jobs, from describing a tasty meal to eulogizing over an *objet d'art*.

Even the housebound woman can widen her interests with the newspapers, magazines, and with good books, so long as she *remembers* what she reads. Reading will improve the vocabulary. Reading with concentration, absorbing, savouring, memorizing words as tasty in themselves, which they are. The simplest statement, well expressed, is arresting. No need to be a genius to be an interesting talker if the command of words is adequate.

. . . little stimulus to conversation when mechanical entertainment drives us farther and farther into silence

. . . probably no fewer inarticulates among the rank and file than there are to-day

THE sorriest afflictions of modern conversation are the cliché, the catch phrase, the interminable repetition of meaningless adjectives. The person who can find no better adjective than "terrific," "super," and no more convincing expression of indifference than "couldn't care less" can never hope to rivet the attention of listeners by the power of words.

It is not an exaggeration to say that if every woman were to spend a fraction of the time she devotes to improving her appearance on polishing her conversational prowess the value of the charms which come out of bottles and jars would be much enhanced.

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Cuticura TALCUM

Beauty Queens Abhor Wolves

(*Continued from page 29*)

great deal pending the final. A hard surfaec, of course.

Thus it fell out that a young English girl might have been seen rolling in unexpected places during succeeding weeks. Beryl rolled in the rest room at the store, she rolled in the living-room at home, rolled when driven into the country at week-ends, rolled first thing in the morning and last thing at night. Whenever she had a few minutes free, and could do so with propriety, Beryl unhitched her dress and rolled. Usually several quick rolls to one side, and as quickly back to the other.

Was it bringing down her hip measurement?

Was it! You should have been at Crackpool when Beryl undulated off with the silver bowl, the title of "Miss U.K.," and a fat cheque that father put in his wallet for safety.

A thrilling return home, met by the mayor, and then the letters started teeming in. Offers to teach Beryl elocution for the stage, to give her poise and personality for the screen, letters from agents with proposals for personal appearances, and for sittings for well-known advertisements. Letters guaranteeing to keep her slim, and others, to give her curves and contours. Interviewers, too: wanting to know what Beryl ate, her favourite morsels, her hobbies, amusements, sporting inclinations.

But the letters were what held Beryl. Some of them were so curious. Such as the letters of warning which purported to tell of the fate of beauty queens, often their tragedy. How, lifted fleetingly far beyond their possibilities, it all went to their heads; how the disillusionment, when it came, was all the bitterer, leaving memories of what might have been. Some correspondents were good enough to cite dope and divorce, drink and squalid ends.

Letters of warning, letters of advice, lascivious letters, hysterical letters, abusive letters. Here was one that said: "You are all dumb-bells, you beauty queens, haven't got a thought in you except for your precious bodies. A lot of gold-digging sticks!" The hysterical letters from other girls, Beryl shared mirthfully with her friends at the store. "What beasts men are," was the set phrase when tearing up the lascivious ones. Beryl always returned to the letters containing proposals.

To say nothing of the proposal that Bruce had never thought of making until Beryl had rolled herself into the final, and which each time became more pressing.

But Beryl had ambitions. So had father. Mother thought that Bruce was still a nice young man, steady, and with prospects. "Husbands are all right, mum," Beryl told her. But they could wait. Besides . . . Beryl had collected admiration from fellows who spoke with the right accent, wore real moustaches, and knew how to escort a girl. "Wolves," said Bruce. "Nothing of the kind!" retorted Beryl. "Perfect gentlemen."

Now if there's one thing that countries have different ideas about, it is a beauty contest, how to conduct it. The matter really ought to be brought up at Lake Success because international incidents can occur. In fact, do occur. I could have told Beryl of a French provincial queen who, disappointed, roughhoused the victorious "Miss France." The fracas! The opposing male hate! The hot and bibulous, carnal atmosphere! A different planet from the judging of Crackpool, as even as at any fat stock show.

How-be-it, within a month Beryl was flying with her "delegate" to the Mediterranean city where "Miss Europe" was to be chosen. Neither had ever been out of England before and there was no one to tell them that beauty contests have rather a different background on the Continent. No one to prepare "Miss U.K." for the passionate X-ray looks that Latin males are wont to turn on members of the opposite sex who send up their temperatures. None to warn her that she would be competing against sexy sophisticates used to playing the peacock under hot glances, used to the company of men whose finances depend on their proximity to beauty that displays itself.

Accounts differ as to what happened in the torrid zone. Only over setting and atmosphere can we be sure. Here was a southern town whose menfolk lord the streets; a primitive town by northern standards, and one flayed into ardour by the burning sun, the caressing moon. From the dim past passionate feelings have been flaunted as a compliment, not suppressed as something ugly. Above all, not suppressed during five days and nights of *fiesta* in honour of the visiting foreign beauties.

Here, too, was a town out for publicity and patronage in return for its expenditure and facilities. This was Beauty Week and the girls must do their stuff—and that meant a lot more than posturing on a palm-fronded platform, as at Crackpool. Other latitudes, other ideas. Modesty? Poof! Chaperones? Bah! Wasn't this plain glorification of the flesh? Well then! This southern town had worked itself into a fever in homage to Aphrodite and the managers saw to it that the atmosphere was the right one, hothouse from start to finish.

Where else should the lovelies be lodged than in the palatial butter-coloured hotel which was the pride of local "tourism"? Not that the star guests were ever to feel the slightest bit like tourists, as events turned out. Did they venture forth on a shopping expedition, they were surrounded, mobbed, pursued, gaped at ("those eyes mentally undressing one! Those flashing teeth reminding one of hungry wolves!").

Even police escorts encompassed little, though in truth the beauty queens had little personal time. What they needed most in the exhausting heat and crush was stamina to cope with a cruel programme of receptions, parties, sight-seeing tours, relentless photographing and interviewing, visits to picture galleries, motor shows, bathing beaches, and even barracks.

Yet it is at night that continental technique really branches off from Anglo-American standards. Abroad these beauty contests reach their peak not at high noon but preferably in the middle of the night. Imagine a rococo mansion of marble halls and vast mirrors with a rumba band on the terrace. It is midnight and the seething company, excessively male, is flushed by the heat when not with wine as well. A gala occasion, sensuous, exciting. Then a hush as the first beauty queen makes her entrance on a raised dais. Murmurs, clapping, *bravos!*

Confabulations, too—and not only among the judges. There are men in the audience studying the competitors from a variety of motives, some quite pure. This is impressed on one after all the girls have shown their paces. Does that signify the end of the parade? Why, the night is yet young! The beauty queens re-appear again and again, each time in a different creation. Off stage they are changing from one beautiful gown into another, from one delicious set of lingerie into the next, and gradually it dawns that the fashion houses have now got a firm hold of these "Miss Europe" affairs.

It is past 3 a.m. before the beauty queens parade in the longed-for *clou*, Bikini briefies or two-piece bathing suits. To keep the two strips in position, one about the chest, the other lower down, is apparently a matter of breathing. Unless a girl breathe adequately, a strip may slip, which is adjudged ugly. One Paris house has supplied all these "Bikinis," and by now some of the chaperone-delegates are beginning to bridle. "Call this a beauty contest? Why, it's a, it's a. . . ."

It's a slave market. That's what was said next day by certain chaperones of losers. "The girls were told they had to appear on the platform for the auction and that anybody could bid to be their host. They had to spend the rest of the evening with the highest bidders. We don't know what time they got back."

(*Continued on page 66*)

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Beauty Queens Abhor Wolves

Shame! In this southern city of which I write, the beauty queens must have been exceeding virtuous—or else how could those stories have got around of wolves banging and shouting at their doors for the balance of the short nights? Seemingly there was no peace for the poor international dears who would knock on the walls to know if all were well next door. If only because they need their beauty sleep, beauty queens abhor wolves who keep up their wolverine chorus until sunrise.

Now what *may* have happened is this. These beauty contests cost the organizers big money. Right. Here are wealthy men in the audience who would like specific beauty queens to take champagne at their tables. What more natural under the Mediterranean moon than that they should be invited to contribute to the organizing fund in return for introductions? The more so, in that these beauty queens are drawn increasingly from the ranks of models and mannequins well able to look after themselves at 3 a.m. or any other time.

I'm not sure if they'd like to have breakfast with their judges—but that only shows how these continental beauty contests are drifting away from the American prototype which will assuredly be preferred in England.

You may have noticed that American beauty queens never compete in Europe. The most that happens, is for "Miss America" to cross on a self-boost, and even that is likely to lapse after the indiscretions of Miss Bebe Schopp who preached moral uplift here and was found drinking wine in Paris and shooting her mouth in a manner unbecoming to her mission.

The direction that beauty contests will take in England was clearly demonstrated at Atlantic City when Jacque Mercer, a blue-eyed eighteen-year-old ranch-hand from Phoenix, Arizona, beat fifty-two contestants for the title of "Miss America," 1949. Jacque started out with these assets: Height, 5 ft. 4 in.; weight, 7 st. 8 lb.; bust, 34 in.; waist, 22 in.; hair, dark. But she had to have talent, too. As the judges told her: "You gotta have talent, poise, and 'poisonality,' as well as the right 'coives.'"

The talent test was a really serious part of the contest. The display of curves in a swim suit only accounted for a quarter of the total marks. The rest went to poise and personality, appearance in evening dress, face—and talent. Note how face is slipping. Note, too, how Beauty is being judged at an ever sterner hour in pure northern climes. For the personality test, the rival beauties had to go and have early morning breakfast with the judges. Most of them rose hours beforehand, and for once paid almost as much attention to their wits as to their toilets. They sought the freshening breezes of the board walk.

Not that the American beauties stood in need of freshening up after the night before. Perish the thought! No smoking and no drinking were allowed during the contest, and no dates—not even with the judges. Each girl was equipped with a chaperone who never left her side. Meals were of Crippsian restraint—chiefly salad and fruit. The whole thing was taken in deadly earnest. Not a wolverine whistle was heard at Atlantic City. Had wolfish teeth shown there, these girls would have recoiled as from something vile.

Nay, the accent is now on—talent. Several of the American beauties played the piano or violin. One spoke on nursing, disappointing the judges who thought for a moment they might get alcoholic rubs. Two or three girls brought live animals with them; one a cow, to prove her talent in milking, a second a horse to show off her rough-riding. But the judges decided to rule out animal talent. And they gave the prize to Jacque, who only recited the death scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. She won £2,000 with the Bard, part scholarship, part motor car, and a variety of the usual prospects which meant all of £12,000 to her immediate predecessor.

END

And So, Tito (*Continued from page* 32)

and the Serbian Army fought a fighting retreat right across Albania where it was evacuated to Corfu by the British Navy. In Corfu the army refitted, rested and took its place again in the firing line when the Allies began their Salonika campaign.

I first saw Belgrade a few years after the first World War; the once mud village capital was becoming a Balkan capital. There was but one modern hotel then, opposite the old British Legation. Within a few years there were hotels galore, and restaurants and night clubs, but although Belgrade changed, the essential characters of the Serbs did not; they were always fighters. It took them four and a half centuries to throw off the Turkish yoke, but they did it. For four years the Austrians occupied their country, but after that the Serbs were free again. Then, when faced with a German invasion, they threw out the pro-German Regent Prince Paul, cousin of their murdered King Alexander, and hailed their boy king, Peter.

If you lift your eyes from your café table and look along the street you will see two buildings; on your left, the Royal Palace; opposite it a shuttered building. That was the Russian Embassy in the days of the Czars. The Serbs are blood brothers of the Russians. When the Bolsheviks murdered the Czar of Russia the Serbs mourned him; two loyal Russian regiments went to Serbia and were incorporated in the Serbian Army. The Embassy remained closed and shuttered until the Kremlin installed Marshal Tito, because the Yugoslav Government did not diplomatically recognize the Soviet Government of Russia.

In the early hours of Thursday, June 11, 1903, the Russian Minister to Belgrade looked out of his bedroom window across the street to the Royal Palace; he had heard some shooting in the night. Now he saw two bodies, a man and a woman, lying in the courtyard. He sent across and had the bodies covered with sheets. They were the bodies of King Alexander Obrenovitch of Serbia and that of his queen, Dragma.

King Alexander had inherited the throne when his old father King Milan abdicated. King Alexander had fallen in love with the wife of an engineer; he died; rumour in Belgrade had it that he was poisoned. King Alexander married the widow and incensed his people. The British Government of the day was so outraged by the double murder that they broke off diplomatic relations with Serbia for four years. The murdered king was the last of his dynasty. A plebiscite was held and Peter Karageorgevitch was made king. He had two sons; Paul, who was feeble minded, and Alexander who married Princess Marie, daughter of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Rumania.

Serbia never remains long out of the headlines.

In 1912 when the Balkan League was formed, Serbia and her Balkan allies went to war with Turkey and defeated her; there was an armistice, then the war started up again and once again, in 1913, Serbia was triumphant.

In June, 1914, once more Serbia was in the headlines, when the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his morganatic wife were assassinated at Sarajevo, Serbia, and the world was set on fire. After Serbia emerged victorious and became Yugoslavia, which means Southern Slavs, King Peter abdicated and his son Alexander reigned.

The crown sat uneasily on his head; his country was surrounded by enemies from whose lands territories had been taken. There was a close censorship on the Press and gradually Yugoslavia became what is called to-day a "police state."

Panic stricken by the rise of Hitler's Germany, France looked for allies. Foreign Minister Louis Barthou roped in Yugoslavia; he went to meet King Alexander at Marseilles when the king landed there in 1934 en route to Paris to sign an (*Continued on page* 69)

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alliance, when both were murdered by assassins hired by Mussolini.

Yugoslavia was now ruled by a Regency of three, until the boy King Peter came of age, but pro-German influences were rife in Belgrade.

In the spring of 1941, the Germans invaded Yugoslavia; the Regent Paul fled, while the Yugoslavs rallied round their boy king, but Peter reigned little more than a week. His country was over-run and he escaped to London where he set up a government in exile. In November, 1945, through Russian influence inside Yugoslavia, the monarchy was abolished and Joseph Broz, whom the Kremlin re-named Marshal Tito became Leader of the Yugoslav State.

Little is heard in the world of King Peter, but he is by no means idle. His father left him a fortune of about £5 million; his property in Yugoslavia was confiscated, but his father was a shrewd man of business who made useful investments in many European and American industrial concerns from which King Peter draws dividends.

The King makes his headquarters in Paris where he lives with his Queen, Alexandria, a Greek princess, his baby son, Alexander, his secretary, a former Belgrade journalist, the child's nurse, a maid and a chauffeur.

The King is building up a reserve of young Yugoslav students whom he plans to make leaders of a new Yugoslavia. It is estimated there are about 100,000 anti-Tito Yugoslavs living in exile in Europe and the United States. The King is in touch with all the various groups and tries to find jobs for the exiles. As for the Yugoslav students, during college vacations they are put to work in France; in the summer they work on the land and in wintertime in French automobile factories.

King Peter's day is a long one. He begins work at 9 a.m. and works until 12 noon, then he usually lunches in town with someone connected with his work. At 2 p.m. he returns to his flat and for half an hour plays with his son. At 2.30 he is back on the job and works until 7 p.m. Every other night he works through the night until 2 a.m.

The only break in the afternoon's work comes, when he is in Paris, towards the close of the day, when the chauffeur brings his car to the door and the King drives himself to the Bois de Boulogne where there is a marble statue of his grandfather, Peter Karageorgevitch, on which is a memorial tablet to his father, King Alexander. King Peter remains there about half an hour in meditation.

Recent events concerning Marshal Tito have not changed or in any way modified King Peter's way of living or his opinions. Ever since he was banished from his country he has remained steadfast to his opinion that the Yugoslavs will themselves drive Tito from power and restore the monarchy. In the

And So, Tito

King's *entourage* it is pointed out that Yugoslavia is to-day nothing but an immense concentration camp with eighteen million inhabitants.

But it can be told that in the Yugoslav Royal Family circle there has always been bitterness concerning the appointment of Marshal Tito. It is pointed out that although the Marshal owes his place to Marshal Stalin, the appointment was ratified by President Roosevelt and Mr. Winston Churchill.

Now that there are chinks in the Iron Curtain surrounding the western approaches of Yugoslavia, one begins to hear something of what goes on in Belgrade, once such a fast growing city until the Germans in their spate of hate against the courageous Serbs, blitzed Belgrade to bits.

Consumer goods in Belgrade are rare and expensive, but this should not cheer or depress us. Belgrade is by no means Yugoslavia; it matters less what is in the Belgrade shop windows than what is in Serbian hearts.

If you were sitting at this table writing on the terrace of that café I was mentioning, you might, if you kept your eyes open, know more. Once when I was there with an English speaking Serbian friend I was told a little story which, I think not only illuminates the Serbian character, but it might also have a meaning in the future.

"In the countryside," so I was told, "if a peasant farmer asks a neighbour: 'How old is your boy now?' the boy's parent will reply: 'He has not yet grown up to the rifle,' or alternatively: 'He has just grown up to the rifle.'".

I asked my friend: "What age does such a reply indicate?"

He answered casually: "Oh, about fifteen or sixteen."

No, Belgrade is not Yugoslavia, it is not even all of Serbia, the little country with a big heart. Sitting on the terrace of that allegorical café I would think of the rolling Serbian landscape; the goose girls with their waddling charges; of the peasant children who come to your railway carriage window and offer you water melons, rosy pink inside and with pitch black pips. I would be thinking of how these people have had one long unending battle against Turks, Austrians, Germans and now finally, against their own blood brothers, the Russians.

Finally, I suppose, I would think of Mr. Joseph Broz, the forty-seven year old Marshal Tito. I see he has just obtained a loan from the World Bank and he has been talking about the mineral wealth of Yugoslavia.

I wonder whether Tito has ever received a gipsy's warning.

World copyright by "Britannia and Eve" and Harry J. Greenwall.

END

Window-Shopper (*Continued from page* 31)

rue de la Paix where a tiny crystal fountain sends up its jet of *Paris Soir*, she had promised herself scents by the lordly flaçon, "*Some day—when I'm rich.*"

Later still, in New York, as general serf to that travel-minded, elderly, mean and wealthy widow, Louise had spent her grudged time-off before Fifth Avenue's seductive shop-fronts, selecting sheerest lingerie and softest, costliest furs. (Champagne tastes on a beer-income, or, say a cocoa-salary—Those were Louise's !)

In post-blitz London, where she had next to unpack her employer's mountainous steamer-trunks, the window-shopper continued her game along Bond Street. Queen Anne silver, fragile Sèvres porcelain—ah, what delight Louise took in these treasures—not one of which her small fastidious hands had ever touched ! "*Some day, when I can afford the best of everything,*" she dreamed, "*I shall know where to go for it.*" Quite likely she got as much kick out of her window-shopping the unattainable as shoppers who are materially rich get out of their actual purchases? More, perhaps. . . .

From the London hotel's millinery show-case she "selected" dream-hats. The pert fur model would adorn an imaginary scene in which Louise, having won fifty thousand pounds in a football-pool (for she acquired this habit in London: weekly and hopefully she filled up those forms !) could afford to tell her skinflint boss exactly what she thought of her.

As for Romance in Black Lace with its sweeping brim, its mystery-veil, it's one great dark red rose, *that*, of course, was the hat to wear when she dined with her fiancé.

This figment of Louise's imagination had begun by being dark, slinky, cynical, typically Latin: a composite of lovers off the foreign films to which she occasionally treated herself. He was now, however, supplanted by a contrasting vision: typically Anglo-Saxon, blond, blue-eyed, with powerful shoulders, a re-assuring smile, he was what some people —who hadn't met women like Louise's boss —call "*gentle as a woman.*"

He came off no film. He was "based" on the fair young man she had noticed moving leisurely about the vestibule, casually chatting to the assistant-manager, or lounging beside the reception-desk. (*Continued on page* 70)

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Secretly, innocently, continuously she dreamed of him. She made him a son of the manager's, here to pick up tips in the hotel-business before he was set up in a hotel of his, *their* own !—little suspecting that this dream-fiancé was in fact a hotel-detective who kept his eye on her, not only because he couldn't keep his eyes off her, but because he had put her down as a possible hotel-thief.

On the day that he spoke to her by the show-case she promoted him. He became a world-famous man-milliner who designed hats for beautiful royalties.

On that day, too, Louise started window-shopping for Christmas presents from each to each.

THERE were not many shopping-days left to Christmas the morning Louise's employer was found to have died in her sleep. Heart-failure.

In that upheaval Louise cabled, telephoned rich van Thal relatives on both sides of the Atlantic. She was interviewed by doctors and lawyers, was kept frenziedly busy packing possessions, helping to sort papers. Then found herself perfunctorily thanked, shelved, left with half-a-month's salary and no prospects. It did not occur to Mrs. van Thal's rich relatives to make any recognition of little Miss Browne's efficient, reliable, uncomplaining service.

For the last time Louise flitted out of the lift and across the vestibule.

Just before she passed through the revolving-doors she sent a good-bye glance around. That hat of dreams was still in the show-case. The man of dreams was not to be seen.

It happened that he was kept on certain investigations outside the hotel for twenty-four hours. When he returned Miss Browne had packed and left—for what address nobody seemed to know.

No jewellery had disappeared with her.

He would not have liked to say whether this left him more humanly glad or professionally frustrated.

In any case he must get busy finding out where she'd gone.

By the time he had done so he had something worse on his mind.

NOW Louise Browne had removed herself to a cheap boarding-house near the British Museum. Here she started to answer advertisements of "*Situations Vacant*"—and *Wanted*.

Her luck was out.

Either she was "*scarcely the type of young lady*"—or advertisers "*already had sufficient extra help for the anticipated Christmas rush.*"

Returning from yet another discouraging interview she was told that a gentleman was waiting to see her in the lounge.

There, among inquisitive-eyed boarding-house spinsters and Hindu law students she found the man from the hotel—dropped out of her absurd and secret dreams. . . . *To see her?* Wild surmise filled her of dreams come true. . . . Impossible ! Yet, there he was.

She blushed so vividly with delight and shock that he thought he had never seen anyone look so guilty. Ah, it was a bad show. Horribly bad; and with a leaden heart he produced his ostensible excuse for looking her up.

"This letter came addressed to you at the hotel, Miss Browne. So, as I had business in this street, I brought it along to save a post."

"Oh. Thank you." She did not even ask how he'd found out her new address? Her small hands trembled as she slipped the envelope into her handbag.

Upsetting. He must get the girl out of her hide-hole before they attracted more attention.

Quickly, quietly he suggested their going out to find some near-by tea-shop which wasn't yet milling with Christmas shoppers and have a cup of tea?

His heart sank down, down to see how that adorable little face of hers lighted up—for the benefit of boarding-house gossips of course—and how shyly she said, "Oh, I'd love to."

She'd every sign of the adept.

The tea-shop he had already spotted was just round the corner, and there was a suitably private table, disengaged, right at the back of the shop. He ordered tea for two—little guessing how often, already, he had given that order in the dreams of the starry-eyed girl opposite ! He waited until it was brought.

Then, setting his teeth, he drew that clinching thing from his pocket and put it down on the table between them.

The long-drop earring sparkled where it lay.

HIS voice was hard as he told her, "This was found in room 133 after you'd left."

"In my room? *Was* it? But it's not mine."

"I know that." Because she must be hard as nails behind that innocent face, he made himself stone. "It was—cleverly hidden."

She looked at him inquiringly? Yet she must have tumbled that the game was up? Lord, she was brazen.

"Come," he said, sharply. "No doubt you know what my job is at the hotel."

"No?"

He told her, brusquely.

Then, since her eyes were still those of a puzzled child, he rapped out, "It's no part of my duties. But—you're very young : you don't seem to have friends. I saw the owners. The thing could be managed. If the other earring from room 132 were returned. And those two platinum-and-sapphire clips from room 134. No charge need be made."

A face as blank as an egg met his steady gaze.

A soft echo returned "*charge?*"

Then it was as if his meaning dawned on her.

"*You think I stole those things?*"

Suddenly, for no reason, he knew she hadn't.

She added, "*That's* why you came?"

The note in her voice woke in him instincts which joined his memories of all the caught-out-thieves he had encountered. Every instinct, every memory assured him that this angry young girl was no thief. Intuitively, in the way of a woman or of a watch-dog, *he knew.*

Shaken, he began, "You must forgive me if I——"

She cut him short : "It's unforgivable." She was on her feet: without troubling whether the waitress was within ear-shot, she threw at him, "If you do want to arrest me, you know where I shall be." She turned her back on him. Deliberately she walked between the little tables and out of the shop, leaving him in deepest disturbance to stare from that diamond earring to her untouched tea-cup.

BLINDLY, Louise made her way back to the dreary boarding house. She dashed upstairs to her icy bedroom, and there, all in the shattered midst of dream-damage, she broke down.

Fool ! fantasy-addict ! *Imagining* that the dream-fiancé in the flesh had sought her out, brought a Christmas offering of diamond earrings——

"*Unforgivable?*" She'd meant not only him but herself. . . . Oh, to get away, right away where she could forget everything and everybody in London that she hated. . . . Blindly she dragged her handkerchief out of her handbag to mop up her scalding tears. It was then that she found the forgotten typewritten envelope brought by That Man.

She tore it open.

Out of it dropped—that cheque.

She stared at it.

No. It was not a football-pool win; but for something she had, in the recent upheaval at the hotel, forgotten.

Louise Browne (Miss) helped by her experience of window shopping model-gowns had won third prize—Two hundred and fifty pounds.

OH, breath-taking gift from the gods, how joyously hay-wire Louise would have gone over it—this morning !

How horribly this afternoon had ruined everything ! (*Continued on page 72*)

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"Vernon"

Warm lined bootee
in black or nigger
Gabardine and calf

Birmingham — A. M. Ashmore
Blackpool — Vernon Humpage & branches
Bradford — Brown Muff
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The World's Best-Known EMBROCATION

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RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO SCIATICA STIFFNESS Etc.

RUB IN ELLIMAN'S

RUB OUT PAIN

Even this windfall hardly excited her.

Sensibly, unenthusiastically, she decided to open a banking-account—"And draw out just enough every week to keep me, carefully, until I land a job. Save the rest for a rainy day."

Dismal vista. . . .

NEXT day, she woke in a mood less defeatist.

Rainy day nothing. What about a sunshine-holiday? Right away from this dump, from fogs, from London, from everything she meant entirely to forget?

Snatch the glorious chance!

(She was, in both senses of the word, too innocent to remember how this might give the impression of flight from justice.)

She was out of the house before the belated, Christmas-season-disorganized post came in. Consequently, she missed that morning's letter of distracted apologies from a hotel-sleuth.

During his absence that afternoon (he wrote) the mystery of those jewellery losses had been cleared up. Responsible for them was a hotel visitor, an extremely wealthy old gentleman who, all unexpectedly, turned out to be a "periodical kleptomaniac." His valet-male-nurse had explained to the management that at the end of such attacks his patient was in the habit of sending him to replace every article taken. A single diamond earring had in error been put into room 133.

"But will you believe me that *before . hearing this I knew* that I had made a colossal and ghastly mistake?"

begged the letter (which did not mention all that had been done by a professional sleuth to save a suspect from trouble).

"I rang up your number at once, but was told that you seemed to be out. I will ring up again in the morning to ask if you could in spite of what you said, bring yourself to forgive me, and would perhaps let me see you again later to beg you to accept my apologies in person. I hardly dare to hope you will, but please do.

Very sincerely yours,
RONALD HARRIS

That day was punctuated by his fruitless ringings up for Miss Browne.

MEANWHILE Miss Browne was fluttering like a moth in floodlight about London's crowded shopping centres.

Hugging the handbag which contained her passport, that cheque, the remaining three pound notes of her salary, seven shillings, and sixpence, she gazed into windows of travel-agencies and studied posters for Europe's reviving playgrounds.

Her prize would run to an air-line ticket to these romantic places. She'd be allowed to take fifty pounds with her to the Swiss winter-sports or the Italian Riviera. . . .

Strangely enough, she could not make up her mind which of them called her—or even if it really called. Nor could she decide what air-luggage to acquire at that place in Piccadilly. She was uncertain as to the perfect travelling outfit.

Indeed, during the whole of that long morning's window-shopping her enjoyment was marred. By uncertainty? By echoes of yesterday. Hateful memories nattered at her heart. . . . Or perhaps she was just hungry after no dinner last night and half-tasted breakfast this morning?

Defiantly she treated herself to lunch at the late Mrs. van Thal's favourite restaurant; it started with a champagne cocktail to celebrate her luck.

This emboldened her to consider a shampoo and hair-styling at the big hairman's. So near Christmas?

Fortunately a client's appointment was being cancelled at the instant Louise ventured into the shop.

The result of the new hair-do encouraged the lurking idea of that new hat—

No! *Not* that hat in the hotel showcase.

Why not? Hadn't she always coveted it?

Why *not*?

And if—if by any chance she did in the vestibule encounter That Man, it would be a satisfying gesture to bestow upon him a casual airy nod. More withering than merely cutting him dead, she thought.

"Taxi!"

THE hotel milliner purred, "The Black Lace Restaurant model with the red rose? Certainly, madam."

She recognized madam, and decided that witch van Thal must have been good for quite a legacy to the ex-slave.

The case was unlocked; the hat brought out. And for the first time in her life the window-shopper actually tried on something she had admired.

"Perfect for madam."

"I'll take it. I can't pay for it now, though——" For the price was twelve guineas, while all Louise had left in her bag was seven shillings, sixpence and that cheque. "I'll call for the hat to-morrow."

"Madam mustn't trouble—let us *send* it for you, pay on delivery, first thing to-morrow morning."

"Oh—thank you," said Louise, struggling not to sound reluctant. (Twelve guineas, for a madly inappropriate hat.)

The nagging at her heart became a stab—There! *Anything for the chance of seeing him again, and he wasn't even there. Serve you right.*

She gave her address and went, miserably, out.

EVEN as the revolving doors swung her into the street, young Harris up in his hotel bedroom was slamming down the telephone-receiver and telling himself, "Never going to BE any answer. I've had it." He shrugged himself into his overcoat and, morosely, made for downstairs.

In the vestibule the milliner who was an old ally of his re-locked the show-case and looked up as he appeared. "Friend of yours been in and bought this hat."

"Oh? Who?"

"Little Miss Browne."

(What—?) "When?"

"Only just gone. Catch her up if you step on it."

He was off; out.

The trim grey figure was no further away from the hotel than the top of the side-street. Having paused to glance in at the florist's window, she did not notice who strode up behind her. She went on, flitted across the main street. He legged it after her, set upon catching her up——

STOP! ordered the traffic lights.

Fuming, he waited with the crowd at the kerb.

ON the farther side of the road a thoroughly browned-off Louise sidled through a jostling crowd of just-before-closing-time shoppers. Winter dusk was well down; lights brightly up.

Round a corner, up an almost empty sideway she was dazzled; a window coruscated like Aladdin's cave.

Jewellery! It would be! Shan't want to look at any as long as I live.

Yet—

Yet, force of habit halted her gaze. Diamonds shot rainbow fire, sapphires made ocean-eyes at her. Deep-hearted rubies glowed over their reflections in a shelf of mirror-glass. *I'd have that lovely single emerald for my engagement ring, if——*

Here the dream snapped.

In that mirror glass she caught the momentary reflection over her shoulder of a man's face. Dark, foreign, type of her early dream-lover. Then things happened. Louise saw the movement of his raised arm, heard the crash as a brick wrapped in a stocking went through the plate-glass window—heard her own scream of "*Police!*"

Flinging herself forward she grabbed the arm of the smash-and-grab thief; she held on as a tiny, game dog might hold a burglar.

"Police! Help!"

Agonizing pain from her wrist, twisted. . . . The Aladdin's cave blaze turned dark before her eyes as she was sent staggering against the wall.

Dazed, she heard shouts, the rush of a car, the squeal of

(*Continued on page 74*)

KARDOMAH

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Mothers!

'ROBOLEINE' KEEPS THEM WELL and MAKES THEM STRONG!

Don't let Winter chills wreck Summer health. Give your child the EXTRA NOURISHMENT that Winter calls for — in concentrated form.

'ROBOLEINE' contains rich red marrow fats, malt extract, egg yolk, and Vitamin Concentrates A & D (2,250 and 750 Int. Units per oz.). MOST VALUABLE for weakly and convalescent children and invalids.

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EUROPE'S LARGEST FUR PROCESSERS

brakes, running footsteps—all, worlds distant.

Then she felt the warm firm belt of an arm about her; and close to her a man's voice, a known voice asked, "Darling! Are you hurt?"

Four words that began life's new chapter for a girl who up to now had known life's joys through shop-window glass only.

GLORIES were ahead; still to come were congratulations from Scotland Yard authorities on the presence of mind and pluck shown by Miss Louise Browne in assisting at the capture of a much-wanted, tough, elusive criminal. Still to come, that "Christmas thank-offering" of an emerald clip from

Window-Shopper

the jewellers she had saved from probably heavy losses. But what, to the girl in love, were these glories compared with the invitation (then and there in the middle of the milling crowd) from her-man-of-dreams?

"Will you? Dine with me to-night?"

Louise, only slightly breathless, answered with these unexpected words, "Will the hotel change a cheque for me first?"

"I'll see to it." He beamed reassuringly down at her. "How much?"

"I want twelve guineas," said Louise.

She intended to wear That Hat.

END

The Long Week-End

(*Continued from page 17*)

COMPARED; of course, with the Victorian wage-earner, the worker of to-day, white-collared or otherwise, wallows in leisure. When Sir John Lubbock (later Lord Avebury) gave the Victorians their first August Bank Holiday in 1871, he afforded them the first chance they had ever had to enjoy a summer end-of-the-week break of two whole days. So surprised indeed were many of the beneficiaries that they had no idea how to employ such a wind-fall.

After that the idea of leisure for industrial and office workers steadily gained headway. Even while Victorian taboos still kept them in dull subjection on a Sunday they already had their Saturday afternoons off and were using them to get away from the smoky city streets. But a free Saturday morning was unheard of and the word "week-end" had not been invented.

Just when it was coined is uncertain. It was about 1880 that the Saturday-afternoon-and-Sunday break began to insert itself into ordinary life. Southerners seemed more reluctant than others to change their Sunday habits of immobility, and the new term is first recorded (1879) as being current in the Midlands. A few years afterwards the landladies and tradesmen of North Wales resorts were talking of their Saturday-Sunday visitors as "week-enders." Then the railways—again in the north—took up the word, and before 1890 were offering week-end tickets. Finally, winning approval in the most authoritative quarter, on 18 March, 1892, the term appeared in *The Times*. The week-end had come to stay.

The week-end now has a past of over fifty years. Its future as a two-day break for every worker, is at the moment a little doubtful. Economically speaking, time is not on our side just now; and therefore leisure is not a commodity we can afford a lot of. The universal long week-end, it is fairly clear from the present trend of events, must await the arrival of better times. Like Christmas, it is coming—but not so soon.

END

Marvels Of The Mails

(*Continued from page 37*)

the days before the Universal Postal Union. Long, involved arguments as to which country was responsible for delivery, and what charges to make, resulted in a complicated system of international accountancy which produced such chaos that addressees were lucky if they received their letters two or three months after dispatch. Under the U.P.U. the country sending the letter retained the postal fee, the destination country delivering it without charge. The cost of transport was made internationally uniform, and stamp colours fixed according to value. This all-nation postal pact is judged so internationally vital to-day that its seventy-fifth anniversary has this year been commemorated by a special stamp issue.

However, the pillar-boxes into which, since 1874, we have been able to drop our letters with the comforting reflection that they will be delivered speedily and without further bother or expense, ante-dated the U.P.U. by twenty-two years. It seems that St. Helier, Jersey, had the first one. London's pioneer was installed at the corner of Fleet and Farringdon streets in 1854—a green one. At first nobody would use it, and continued to take their letters to the G.P.O. Since about 1874 red has been the official colour and the country's total has risen to 90,000.

Equally familiar are to-day's red postal vans, though few who see them know that the G.P.O. runs 25,000 motor vehicles in all, which eat up a mileage of about 240,000,000 in a year. Still less familiar is the fact that the Post Office maintains a fully equipped office in such places as Buckingham Palace and the House of Commons. Opening at 6 a.m., the staff of this one work on till half an hour before the House rises, and this may be any time, for sometimes the Commons sit throughout the night.

OF course the G.P.O. has a staff of detectives. But did you know that it also has a carefully welfared feline personnel for the protection of mailbags from rats and mice? That there are over 23 million miles of telegraph and telephone wires, and that the equipment makes it virtually impossible for left-handed girls to handle the messages which travel these wires? That the G.P.O. undertakes social services other than its orthodox duties? For instance, every Christmas poor children write letters to Santa Claus, G.P.O., and the most deserving cases usually get a pleasant surprise in reply. Refugees from almost every country of Europe presented a problem which was solved by creating a special department able to tackle almost any language.

Despite an occasional lapse such as when one letter, among thousands of millions, gets delivered a few miles away after hiding for years in the corner of some old mailbag, P.O. officials can solve puzzlers that would floor the slickest experts. To test this far-famed ingenuity, plus the renown of a certain addressee, an American admirer of a famous writer saw to it that his envelope bore nothing more than the postmarks of three towns: George and Bernard in Iowa, and Shaw in Mississippi. In due time the letter arrived at the home of G.B.S.

A potted biography of Britain's G.P.O. would record it as the biggest bankers of citizen savings; its staff is over 300,000, administering 24,000 P.Os., handling almost 8,000,000,000 letters and parcels a year, including the December seasonal boost, when even the Zoo receives seasonable offerings from people who wish to remember the animals which have given them pleasure during the year. The salary of the first P.M.G., in 1545 was £67 a year. To-day's chief receives £5,000, and the organization he controls (unparalleled anywhere, though imitated throughout the world) has grown from a handful of dispatch riders who risked life and limb against thugs and highwaymen back in the time of Charles I.

The photographs which accompany this article are, with the exception of the "Chinese Post-boy" and "The Royal Mail Reaches a Queensland Out-station," reproduced by courtesy of the Postmaster-General.

END

Christmas
with The Sphere will be the more enjoyable!

THE SPHERE'S first Christmas Number for ten years presents an old-time Christmas!

The general note of this year's SPHERE Christmas Number—the first since the war—is of the old-time Christmas, and particular attention has been paid to the Victorian and the Regency periods. There is also a special section in colour of flower paintings of the 17th and 18th centuries, representative of the finest work of the Dutch masters. The centre double-spread is a reproduction of *The Netherlands Proverbs*, one of the celebrated works of PIETER BRUEGEL. These are but a few of the 56 pages of stories, articles and colour plates by famous artists and authors in the Christmas Number of THE SPHERE.

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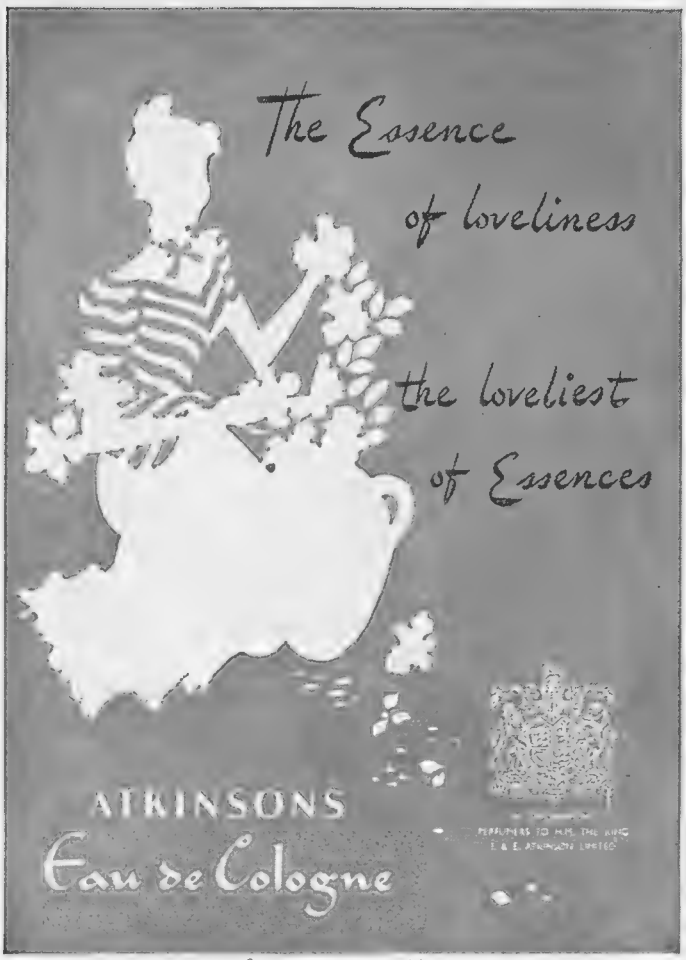

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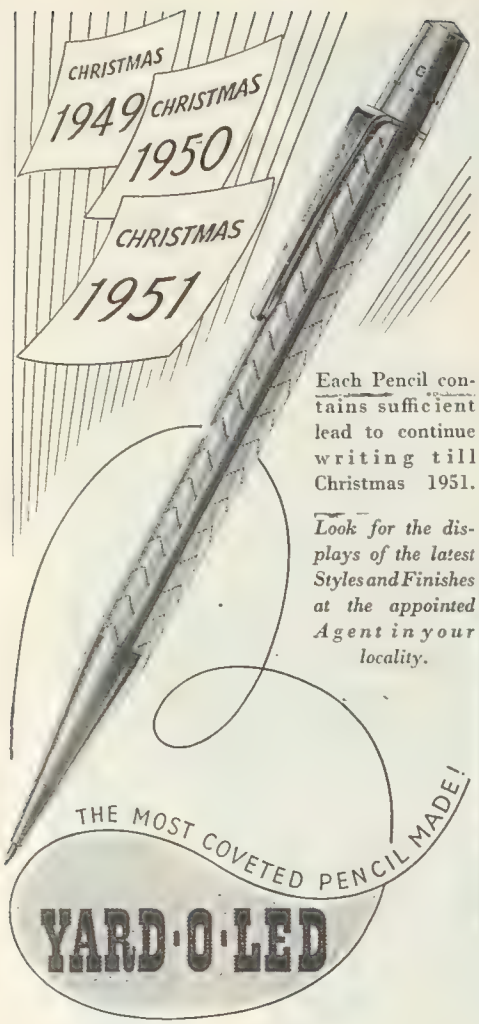
CHRISTMAS 1949
CHRISTMAS 1950
CHRISTMAS 1951
Each Pencil contains sufficient lead to continue writing till Christmas 1951.
Look for the displays of the latest Styles and Finishes at the appointed Agent in your locality.
THE MOST COVETED PENCIL MADE!
YARD·O·LED

In Search Of Glamour

(*Continued from page 56*)

Combination of shade assortment for powder and lipstick includes peach powder with medium lipstick; rachel powder with ruby lipstick or natural powder with light lipstick. The flat, oblong casket itself is in green, spotted in white on a black base.

If you want to give a really personal present to very special friends there is a really good luxury range of preparations to be found in Grosvenor Street. One of the newest of this range is the hair perfume marked "66" in a charming bottle with a white and gold stopper, price 15s. 6d. Another exclusive preparation is called Sebosyn which is a biological hair food to use for dried-out hair and also for breaking nails. This costs 10s. a jar.

END

Bobble Stitch In Gold

(*Continued from page 50*)

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 on next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 5 rows, then next 5 alternate rows (89). Continue until 116th patt. row has been done.

SHAPE NECK

Patt. 38, take 2 tog., put next (centre) 9 on safety-pin, turn, and working on these 39 sts. only, take 2 tog. at neck edge on next 4 rows, then next 5 alternate rows (30). Continue straight until front is 21½ ins. long, measured on the straight from cast-on edge.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 on next 3 alternate rows at armhole edge.

Join wool to neck edge of remaining 40 sts., take 2 tog., patt. to end and work up this side to match the first, with all shaping at opposite edges.

THE BACK

Work this exactly like the front until armhole shaping is completed. On the next right-side row, *divide for back opening*: Patt. 41, put next (centre) 7 on safety-pin, turn, and work to and fro in patt. on these 41 sts. until back is 1 in. shorter than front, then:

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 on next 3 alternate rows at armhole edge; leave last 11 on another safety-pin.

Join wool to centre-edge of remaining 41 sts. and work up this side to match the first, with all shaping at opposite edges.

THE NECKBAND

With No. 12 needles pick up the 7 sts. from back safety-pin, and rib as on welt until this strip is long enough to reach (slightly stretched to prevent waviness) up left side of back opening. Cut wool, replace sts. on pin and sew this strip neatly up opening edge. Cast on 7 sts., rib a strip the same length, and sew down in place at other side of opening; neatly stitch down the cast-on edge. Join the shoulders of back and front and press seams. With right side of work facing, and with No. 12 needles, pick up and rib 7 from back opening border, pick up and rib 11 from nearer back pin, (keeping the rib right), pick up and rib 29 round front neck edge, 9 from front pin, 29 round neck edge to shoulder seam, 11 from other back neck pin and 7 from other strip. Work 1 in. in all across these sts. in rib as on welt, then cast off in rib.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 55 sts. Work 3 ins. in rib as on welt. Change to No. 9 needles and patt., inc. 1st. at both ends of needle on 5th and every 4th row 10 times in all, then on every 8th row until 97 are on needle, taking extra sts. into patt. as they come. When side edge measures 18½ ins., or length desired.

Shape Top

Dec. 1 st at both ends of next and every alt. row until 79 remain, then on every row until 21 rem. Cast off.

TO COMPLETE

Press very lightly with a hot iron and damp cloth. Sew in sleeves and press seams. Join side and sleeve seams and press them. Darn in all loose ends. Arrange and sew press studs on back borders to fasten. See that all bobbles are pulled through to right side of work. This design can be made up with either side of work as right side.

END

Confidentially ..

..the towel I'd recommend is SILCOT

Just say "Silcot" and prove the comfort of this cotton wool towel. You'll soon say, too, that "Silcot is super."

SILCOT

SANITARY TOWELS

Open Weave In Violet

(*Continued from page 50*)

THE FRONT

Work as for back for 5 complete patts. and 8 rows open patt., finishing on a purl row.

SHAPE FOR SQUARE NECK

Work 32 sts., cast off 36 (fairly tightly), work 32 sts. Work on the last 32 sts., keeping continuity of patt. Inc. 1 st. at sleeve edge every p. row and inc. 1 st. every 4th row at neck edge until 64 sts. and sleeve measures the same as the back (7 ins.).

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of the next 8 armhole end rows. Return to the remaining 36 sts., join wool at neck edge. Work to correspond with the last 32 sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side seams and sew shoulder seams. (Keeping ridges evenly.)

Work 2 rows of double crochet round the neck and edge of sleeves. Turn up hem at waist, hem and insert elastic.

END

Christmas In High Latitudes

(*Continued from page 24*)

when the bull-voice of the boatswain calling "All ha-ands" summoned the watch below from the dead sleep of weariness to take their place once more at brace or capstan, or struggle once again up the frozen ratlines to make or shorten sail.

Strung out along the yard, high above the foaming cataracts that stream constantly by, men, almost dropping with sleep and fatigue, yet still indomitable, lean out from their precarious footing on the jumping footropes and strive to force the frozen canvas to their will. Cursing, gasping, with torn nails and bleeding fingers, they succeed at last in subduing the stiffened mass and making it fast, and so return to their sodden bunks for another snatch of rest.

So far, at least, Old Stiff has no empty bunks to his credit, so far as the *Glenfinlas* is concerned. And that is much, for in weather such as this every man, however experienced a seaman he may be, takes his life in his hand when he goes aloft. A slip, a false step on the ice-coated ropes—a slackening of the numbed grip on the yard—and the tale is told. It is one which may be read in the sea-stained pages of many an old ship's log of the Cape Horn days—"Wm. Evans, able seaman, fell from the topsail yard into the sea, and owing to the state of the weather it was not possible to lower a boat." The old story—"an empty bunk and a pannikin as wasn't wanted"—another sailorman's spirit, if the old superstition may be believed, gone to inhabit the body of some stately cruising albatross above the stormy seas of the Horn.

Seven days, too, without a warm meal or a hot drink to put (*Continued on page 79*)

The LOTUS Shoe Shop

43/44, New Bond Street, W.1

WITH THE EXCLUSIVE FILTER TIP

fresh life into chilled bodies. Cape Horn's greeting to the intruders on his domain was a big sea that washed out the galley, swept most of the pots and pans overboard, and damaged the stove so that it could not be used till a lull in the weather made it possible to put it to rights again. So that the prospect for a Christmas dinner is poor indeed.

CHRISTMAS DAY was one of the very few holidays observed in sailing ships. Then, if conditions made it possible, only the most necessary work was done. The cook served up the best he could do in the way of a dinner—perhaps a two- or three-decker sea pie, made of "Harriet Lane," as the merchant seaman called bully beef, with pastry calculated to try the jaw-strength of the hungriest eater, with, to top up, duff which might or might not be of the weight and consistency of a cannon-ball, but which was hailed as a delicacy by palates used to little but hard-tack and harness-beef. And, finally, the skipper might even produce a tot of grog for all hands to drink success to the voyage and A Merry Christmas.

But in the fierce struggle with Cape Horn no Christmas armistice is possible. The ship must come first. The fight must go on.

Slowly, slowly, the hours of darkness wear on. The gusts that have threatened each moment to blow the sails from the bolt-ropes seem a shade less frequent, the battering of the seas a shade less fierce. And as the first greyness of dawn begins to lighten the sky comes the order:

"All hands aloft to make sail!"

Wearied limbs and bodies bend themselves to their task with renewed hope. Gaskets are shaken loose, reefs shaken out; up go the yards to the strains of a halyard shanty, a strange, haunting, gull-like chorus, whose banal words match poorly with the plaintive beauty of the melody.

The light grows. There comes a sudden shout from aloft.

"Land ho!"

Through the murky weather to northward the loom of land is indeed visible—a bleak rocky promontory at whose feet the seas break in columns of foam.

"Cape Horn—Cape Horn's bet!"

A hoarse cheer goes up from the weary crew. And another as the "doctor" comes out of his galley, beaming and triumphant, bearing a steaming can of the fluid known to seamen as coffee. Ship's coffee—the worst in the world—but to how many chilled and numb bodies has it been nectar indeed!

Men laugh, joke, slap each other on the back. Someone has produced a creaky squeeze-box and struck up a Christmas tune.

Christmas Day . . . ol' Stiff's bet . . . life's worth living still. . . .

That's long ago. They're all gone now, gone on the wind . . . the hoarse sailor voices, the shanty chorus, the creaky notes of the squeeze-box greeting Christmas Day. . . .

The sailor's way is unsailed again after four hundred years. And the haughty albatross, steering down wind on outspread wings, sees no other sign of life in all the waste of wandering waters. . . .

END

Christmas In High Latitudes

Tie-ups For The Tree (*Continued from page* 48)

For the baby, copy an idea from overseas and sew half-a-dozen little bells (the kind used on baby's reins) to the ribbon which ties up his parcel—attractive to look at and fun to play with.

If yours is a family celebration, a Christmas train to stand at the foot of the tree is a decorative asset to the room before the tree is stripped; practically any toy train sold for children can be used in this way and given as a present when emptied. Tuck tufts of cotton-wool in the trucks and pile them up with tiny presents. Toy soldiers, tiny dolls, midget furniture, mechanical "Dinky" toys; wrapped sweets, fruit, etc. It is a decoration in itself if lightly sprinkled with "frost" and floodlit with a concealed pocket torch.

With a little ingenuity and an extra half-hour or so to carry out the ideas, it is surprisingly easy to make gifts look as if they really carried the good wishes sent with them . . . "Happy Christmas."

END

Jackal (*Continued from page* 35)

sun was up the *kopjes* were a tumbled, brownish mass with some streaks of blue shadow. All around him was sand, appearing to curve up a little in the distance to make a saucer-meeting with the sky.

His feet ached and his legs obeyed his will reluctantly. He regretted that he hadn't snatched a short sleep before starting the journey. But even the idea of lying so near to Kruyt's body had the power of bringing back some of the old horror.

He talked to himself a little, even though it increased the dryness of his lips.

"Carry on. You're doing fine. The longer you can go the less there'll be ahead. Uncomfortable. But there's four thousand pounds at the end of it. Four thousand pounds."

He knew what he was going to do; but it took his mind off the physical discomforts when he went over the plan again. At Matamba's kraal he would say that he and his partner had found some traces which looked as though they might pay. He'd left Kruyt, with most of the supplies, to do some more panning and try to locate the richest ground. For himself, he was going to buy some equipment and stores which they'd need. Perhaps Matamba would supply labour when he came back.

And much the same story further south; with inquiries about equipment which should allay any suspicion. Then he'd slip away quietly and make for the coast. He'd been to sea before and he reckoned he'd be able to work a passage to some teeming port where it would be easy for a man with money to disappear.

"There'll be no trail leading to me by the time Kruyt's body is found," he said with satisfaction.

THE heat became more intense. He rigged his rifle and the blanket so that a patch of shade was obtained and lay down so that his head was protected. He kicked off his *veldschoen* and stretched his legs easefully. Then he looked back. He'd covered a good distance. The *kopjes* still looked near; but that was a trick of the clear atmosphere. He reckoned that he'd been going for a good five hours since emerging from the kloof. At least fifteen miles; maybe more, because he'd strained every muscle to keep up a good swinging pace.

Another ten miles would take him to the dried-up water-hole. Just beyond there was the slight shelter of a few bare hummocks of rock. He'd make that his next camp.

He fumbled among his light pack for the water-bottle. No more than a couple of sips. It required strength of will to insist upon that; but he was determined that the meagre supply should last him until he reached the spruit.

Then he gave a hoarse cry and jerked up, knocking down the rifle and the sheltering blanket. He grasped the bottle in both hands and shook it. He pulled out the stopper and his dry lips closed greedily round the neck. He tilted his head back.

There was no more than a tantalizing trickle. . . .

For a few moments he lost control, raving and shouting in the solitude of the desert; but when he'd mastered his emotions he set to work to erect his shelter once more. And with trembling (*Continued on page* 80)

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fingers, he rolled a cigarette. He forced his thoughts to become orderly. He understood what had happened. It was that devil Kruyt. He'd picked up the bottle while wandering round, under the pretext of gathering stuff for the fire. He'd drained it, greedily refreshing the dryness in his thick, animal throat. Must have done. It was obvious he'd never have emptied it away.

"So he was going to sneak out on me, and leave me without water," Prentis muttered. "Well, there's no immediate panic. I'm not dead yet. I can last a few more hours."

Should he go on, hoping that he could endure? It would be madness to rely on any moisture having gathered at the water-hole. So it meant being without water until he reached the spruit. Making a superhuman effort, keeping going all through the night, he might be able to get to it by the end of the following day. The prospect scared him. It would be an ordeal of thirst, with swollen lips and tongue. Supposing his strength was not equal to the task, then there'd be the anguish of making less and less distance each hour.

Turning back—going to the stream where they'd found the nugget was just as bad. Three and a half day's journey away—over rough ground. If he did manage to make it, he'd be compelled to retrace his steps afterwards—in a weakened condition and with food running out.

The other thing—and how he flinched from the idea!—was to return to the kloof and find Kruyt's body. There was a water-bottle there, right enough. Trust Kruyt to have been sparing in readiness for the desert crossing. But—could he find the courage to go back?

It was the desperate nature of his situation which decided it for him. He rested until the greatest fierceness of the sun was over. He left his blanket and some of his pack. No sense in overburdening himself; the lighter he travelled, the quicker he could be. He scooped a hollow for the things he was leaving, placed the blanket so that it was spread out well, and weighed it down with a few stones from a nearby hollow in the sand. Keeping the same route, there'd be his footprints to guide him when he returned by moonlight.

Grimly, he set out for the kloof. Ahead of him, the line of the *kopjes* was purpling as the sun went lower. And by the time he came to the rising sides of the kloof the sun was down and there was darkness.

He rested for a little while. His feet ached abominably; but he didn't dare to take them out of his *veld-schoen* for fear of swelling.

The dread of what was before him was like the aching of an exposed nerve. And when the moon came up over the rim there was a ghost-quality about the light and the long, angular shadows Prentis realized that if he stayed much longer his fears would conquer him. He began to make his way into the darkness of the kloof, hobbling over the broken ground.

THERE was more light after he crossed the loose stones. And some of the shadows seemed vaguely familiar. Gripping his rifle, he came nearer and nearer to the site of the fire where they had camped. He recognized a boulder. That was the one against which Kruyt had leaned. The body would be at the other side of it.

He found that he was creeping forward as he'd done the previous night, when he'd been afraid every moment that Kruyt would awaken. Under his breath he cursed his own cowardice. A minute or two and it would all be over—he could be away from this place of evil.

He stepped past the boulder. Yes, Kruyt was lying there, and now that he was looking down at the still body some of his panic abated.

"You tried to finish me off," he muttered. "I beat you to it, that was all. You can't harm me now."

Then he frowned. He'd have thought that he'd never be able to forget Kruyt lying there . . . but his mental picture was wrong! Kruyt's position was different.

Prentis caught his breath sharply. Kruyt hadn't died immediately. As strong as an ox; he'd managed to move a little. He'd reached . . . his water-bottle. One dead hand was resting upon it.

Prentis snatched at the bottle and shook it. The stopper was out, and it was empty. He leaned back against the boulder, shaking with sudden, uncontrollable laughter. Then there was a scuffling in the shadows and fear leapt up inside him like a hungry flame. He'd already dropped his rifle, so he threw the first thing that came to his hand. There was a shrill yelp, and a light-coloured patch moved swiftly away.

Prentis leaning weak and exhausted against the boulder suddenly realized what he'd thrown. It was the nugget. Four thousand pounds. . . .

His weakness mastered him and he slumped to the ground.

The jackal came from the shadows, circled, and sat down to wait.

END

The Link (*Continued from page 23*)

adding: "And furthermore, I'm sick of your everlasting nagging."

"You're sick!" she was trying vainly to keep her voice from becoming shrill.

"It should be the other way. It's me who's sick, sick of grubbing and saving and scraping and skrimshanking—all right, I do mean skimping," she accepted his correction. There must be other phrases descriptive of her feelings, she knew, but they were eluding her. Everything was eluding her but the long pent up exasperation.

"Be a martyr now," he sneered. "Why, all you do in a week isn't half what a working woman gets through in a day. What about me? I can sweat all round the place looking for jobs. I can stand kicks and snubs from fools who don't know a good man when they see one, all for your sake. If I were on my own——"

"You'd be done for," she broke in, "it's (*Continued on page 82*)

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4 ozs. diced turnips.
3 ozs. finely cut onion.
1 teaspoonful flour.
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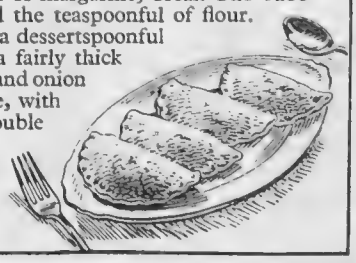

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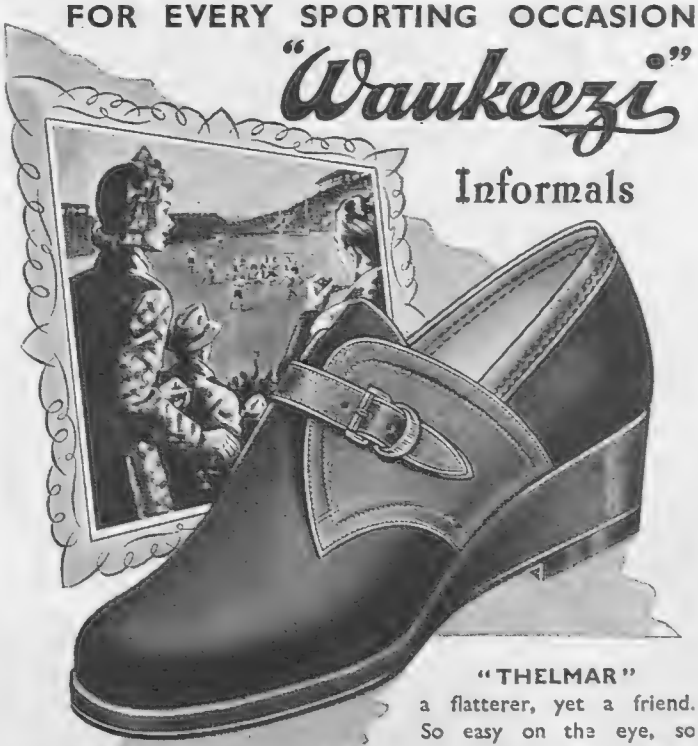

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me who keeps you going all the time."

"You self-flattering, self-righteous prig," he flared, and flung himself out of the room.

When her eyes were clear of angry tears she went to her desk and took out Hubert Wickford's last letter. She read it again; then, going to the telephone, wired him that she had changed her mind and would meet him for dinner after all.

Next day was hot, and only the anticipation of the evening prevented her thinking that sweltering in a smelly train was a waste of good weather, and wondering why town clothes, though lighter in texture than country ones, were so much more oppressive.

But the pleasure of spending more than she should at the hairdresser's, and the knowledge that the result was highly gratifying, dispelled all feelings of doubt she might have entertained before she entered the expensive restaurant and saw Hubert coming towards her.

Odd, she thought, I hadn't realized how short he is compared with Keith, and how well thickset.

And how safe, how dependable, how settled, she reminded herself as they went into the grillroom.

And how beautifully his shirtfront sets, thinking of Keith's angry struggles with recalcitrant studs and mutinous stud-holes.

"Oh, anything, I don't honestly mind," she said, trying to curtail Hubert's endless recital of the menu and wine list, if only to relieve the waiter's boredom.

"How's Moira?"

"Gone off to Scotland for two months," answered Hubert dolefully.

"She said she was bored," he went on in a surprised tone.

"I must say I think it's a bit selfish leaving me all that time with only the servants. In fact I said to her:

"'Surely as your only brother I deserve some consideration.' I do all I can to make her happy, but a sister's not like——"

He broke off and asked softly:

"Margaret, why did you change your mind and come to-night, after saying we weren't to meet again?"

Margaret looked at him then, her eyes turned from his thinning hair, so carefully arranged over his glossy scalp, pink as a fondant, from the only slightly prominent brown eyes, from the carefully shaved, almost single chin, to the area of tablecloth beside her, which she was rapidly covering with crumbled bread.

Leaving me with only the servants. Her mind repeated his words.

She looked up, saw the devotion shining in his face, and said slowly:

"I just changed it, that's all," adding, seemingly irrelevantly:

"Keith's lost his job."

"My dear, I'm so sorry," said Hubert, failing to keep the pleasure from his voice.

"There's something to be said in favour of us Government pawns," he went on, "we don't get dismissed, and we've pensions to look forward to."

He leaned towards her.

"Margaret dear, you aren't happy. How can you be with all this worry and lack of money. You know what I want. Do I have to say it all over again?"

"Oh, I know. I——" she interrupted, wondering if she wanted him to continue.

"I don't of course, expect you to come to such a momentous decision all at once," he went on.

"Naturally I'm quite certain in my own mind that I could make you happy. And I'm quite certain that if we were to see more of one another that you'd be certain too. Please, darling, just give me a chance. I'm taking Moira to Cromer in August. Couldn't you come with us? Moira will be away most of every day, she's got friends in the neighbourhood. You'd have every opportunity of knowing and understanding me better. I could teach you golf. I'm quite certain that you would like the game if you would only learn it. It has its adventurous side you know, albeit less so than your uncomfortable yachting. There's good tennis too. It would be so wonderful. Please, Margaret!"

Only the servants, thought Margaret again; only the lack of drudgery, the desk clear of red-inked bills, the mind of anxiety, the eternal fear of the future.

And hope of it too, and adventure and beauty!

But how gilded the cage, so gilded that if I enter, shall I notice the bars?

She looked again at his earnest face and tried not to think of the golf and tennis.

Better than maths but worse than English, she had classed games at school.

Our holidays will be spent playing them, not well, but for health's sake, she thought; though with luck, we might perhaps have one day off, picnicking at a Smuggler's Cave, or even a Lover's Leap! Still, it won't always be summer. In winter there'll be plays and concerts, and good dinners like this one, and books. No, it won't always be summer——

"Hubert," she said aloud, "I'd always feel safe with you, and to feel safe's what I want more than anything. Just not to have to worry. Isn't there an old play, by Ibsen or somebody, in which the heroine goes all daring and modern, and wants a cheque book of her own?"

"Well, this heroine doesn't. All she wants is never to be allowed to know about, let alone handle, anything sordid like money, except perhaps a 'dress allowance' wasn't it called?"

In fact she told herself, I really want to be the sort of wife who can never have existed outside those books you find in seaside lodgings, and who gets called "poor little woman" by an equally non-existable man. And yet I do believe life would really be like that with Hubert.

"Poor little girl," said Hubert, bending over with her cloak.

"I've loved it," Margaret was thanking him later, as they parted at the door of her friend's flat.

"I've not been in the stalls for, oh, years. And now there's August to look forward to."

"Darling," said Hubert, drawing her to him.

"YES, the weather's all right, I suppose," agreed Margaret, home again.

"Well, I can't go job-hunting at week-ends, can I?" Keith pointed out reasonably.

"So we might as well sail. You can get the stuff stowed on board while I'm in town, and we'll catch the morning tide."

"I hate Fridays," grumbled Margaret, wondering if she would miss the butcher and a chance of liver if she went to the shop, or miss the fruit allocation there if she waited for him; hating the stepping-stones game she had to play in her kitchen, trying to cook while Mrs. Rainbird scrubbed it, and the rush to have the washing ready for her to take away.

There would, she reminded herself, be no Fridays with Hubert, except as dates on an engagement calendar.

There would be a refrigerator too, she decided, thriftlessly pouring sour milk away.

She piled the tinned food on the hall seat, added the sweaters and oilskins and bread, and remembering that they had no oil on board, dumped the heavy can beside them.

What a business, is it worth it? she wondered, trying to stuff the unwieldy articles into an army pack, and to tie the bundle of clothes on to the back of her bicycle.

She failed, and knew it meant at least two trips to the river, even if she left the paraffin till the next day.

Bumping over the dusty rough lane with bowed back, her damp hair falling over her eyes, she thought of Hubert's sleek sedan.

Next morning, as Keith pulled the laden dinghy against the hard-running ebb, *Whimbrel* faced them, bows on. The tide, rippling past gave the illusion of her coming to meet them.

She bobbed gently at her anchor, and the sedan's image faded as Margaret sat on deck, the cool breeze stirring her hair, the clean smell of the salt in her lungs, listening to the soft lapping of the water past *Whimbrel's* sides.

"Come on," shouted Keith, "we've only got half the ebb left to get down river with. Get me the marline-spike, will you? Make that sheet fast first. Oh, and just give me a hand with this."

"That was my finger, not the shackle pin you were jabbing," complained Margaret.

"Well suck it," was Keith's comment, "don't let it bleed on the sail. Starboard your helm, I want to get away on the other tack to clear this smack."

She watched him getting the anchor, running up the foresail and setting the jib, strong, competent and utterly happy, the little craft responding joyfully as she heeled to the freshening breeze, and some of the pair's happiness entered into Margaret.

Keith brought her a lighted cigarette.

"You get the very best out of her," he complimented, "I'd never have cleared that spit on one tack."

They were reaching the estuary's mouth. The strong tide was trying to suck them out, but the rising wind was against them, heeling the ship down to the bright green water so that it rushed along the deck.

The playful river waves that had slapped *Whimbrel* playfully were giving place to sea waves that thumped her with a crash every few seconds.

"We ought to have reefed," said Margaret.

"Too late now," replied Keith cheerfully, "there's no sea room. It'll be better when we round the Point, wind'll be abeam."

The sands under their lee, marked by a wild jabble of dirty foam, were almost uncovered. Gulls, purest white in the sunshine, were stalking about on them.

At Keith's signal Margaret put the helm over to come about.

The mainsail on its heavy boom crashed from side to side in an agony of indecision, and the jib thrashed wildly in its anxiety. *Whimbrel* rolled nervously in the heavy sea, her speed stopped, and the wind whooped down, driving her nearer the sands.

"The tide's got her or something, she won't come round!" cried Margaret in fear.

"Put the helm up, sail her hard, and try again. I'll tell you when," answered Keith calmly.

"There's no room," faltered Margaret, but obeying him.

The sails crashed over, the ship gathered way, and a squall hit her as she lay over, the water hissing past.

"Oh Keith, give the signal now," prayed Margaret, as the black markings on the gulls' wings became visible.

Keith took his pipe from his mouth slowly, and Margaret took courage from his perfect composure.

"Now," he nodded.

"*Whimbrel* darling, come on," Margaret breathed, her stiff cold hand caressing the tiller as she swung it over.

Whimbrel stopped, hesitated, looked at the sands, as Keith, balanced on the foredeck, spread the jib to windward till she made up her mind at last, and lying over on the starboard side, began to fight her way from the danger.

Keith smiled appreciatively.

"A couple more tacks and we're clear of the sands," he observed, swinging himself into the cockpit.

"There's a lot to be said for riding," remarked Margaret, stroking the tillerhead. "You can give a good horse a lump of sugar, but what does a boat get?"

The crash of falling crockery, and the metallic complaint of various tins, including the paraffin can, as they rolled about the cabin, drowned her question.

At irregular intervals a not unmusical sound, rather like that of a demented clock striking, could be heard.

"Frying pan's still hanging up," reported Keith, looking into the cabin, "but the bread's fallen out of its locker. You bunged the paraffin cork in hard I hope?"

The wind and sea were still rising.

Both Keith and Margaret were soaked through with the heavy spray, chilled, and ravenously hungry, since obtaining anything to eat in the shambles of the cabin was impossible, even if one had been able to keep from being thrown (*Continued on page* 84)

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heavily from side to side with every roll of the ship while looking for it.

But they were winning, Margaret knew, licking her salt-tasting lips with relish, and gripping the tiller with a numb hand, her arm aching, her feet braced against the lee side of the cockpit to keep her position.

The foredeck was permanently invisible under a smother of racing water as they lay over on their last tack and weathered the Point.

"We're round!" exulted Keith, "slack away!"

The wind was abeam now, and they no longer had to fight it. Like a friend it swung them along, helped by the flood tide, to the harbour entrance, and like a friend, after a quarrel, its temper died away as evening fell.

There was only a ripple on the water, when far up river, past the little fishing town, her tired sails stowed, *Whimbrel* lay at anchor so close to the wooded shore that the last notes of the birds could be heard.

"You stay on deck and rest, you've had a hard time lately," ordered Keith, diving into the tiny cabin to light the Primus.

"I'll call you when supper's ready."

But drawn by the evening's beauty he re-appeared almost immediately, lingering in silence for a minute before putting an arm round his wife.

"Margaret," he said at length, softly.

"I'm sorry about everything."

Margaret looked down at *Whimbrel's* almost perfect reflection in the darkening water, and for a long moment re-lived the day, with the three of them in glorious conflict with the wind in spray and sunshine, and the calm twilight to end it, before, deliberately misunderstanding him, she replied:

"And I'm glad."

Her voice dropped as she added:

"We can't ever be divided while we share all this."

But Keith had heard only her first sentence, for he had gone below to fry the sausages.

END

Stromboli *(Continued from page 20)*

tourist to find lodgings. The island "hotel" is a whitewashed house with two rooms.

Soon the traveller finds that the island itself, contrary to first appearances, is by no means barren. Bright hibiscus and oleander splash the village with colour. Serving more utilitarian purposes, are the richly fruiting fig trees and extensive vineyards, renowned no less for their low pergolas, scarcely a foot from the ground, than for the quality of their grapes. And everywhere prickly pears are flowering.

How then, do these people live? Are they self-sufficient, untouched by the outside world?

They are certainly almost entirely independent. Primitive to a degree, and yet, paradoxically, tins of American peaches and meat are on sale in the little village stores.

The inhabitants are refreshing examples of self-sufficiency in a specialized world. By no means rich, each one possesses his own plot of land where he cultivates the necessities of life, olives, vegetables, grapes, and maybe a small patch of wheat, though most of their flour is imported.

There is almost no livestock on the island. Sometimes a few tame rabbits or chickens are seen capering near the neat, whitewashed houses. Goats are often kept for their milk.

Fish which is plentiful, compensates for the lack of meat. Every islander, in addition to being a farmer, is a fisherman. He owns his boat and fishes at night. On the prow of his craft is mounted a huge petroleum lamp—much better than those used in the homes, where eye-straining paraffin lamps dimly illuminate the womenfolk's spinning chores.

As swallows are attracted to a lighthouse, so are the fish of the Mediterranean lured to these lamps. Then with harpoons and nets the Strombolian fishermen make their nightly haul.

The skill of the menfolk does not end here, however. They are also expert oil and wine makers. When the white grapes ripen, the men take off their shoes—if they have any—and stamp out the precious fluid in a small stone trough. But there are limits to the extracting qualities of human feet, and the remnants of the crushed grapes are then placed under a primitive wine press, made of a heavy beam and large volcanic rocks.

All but the poorest islanders own one of these wine presses. How laboriously they must have been constructed and conveyed to their homes, for the human back is the only form of transportation on the island. Mules brought on to the island by Rossellini were the first to be seen there.

The Strombolian wine is a type of Malvasia, the potency and sweetness of which has gained renown far beyond the shores of Stromboli. There is a very special technique to the making of it. The grapes, after picking, are seasoned on rush mats for about two weeks before being crushed, and only the expert islanders know when the grapes have reached their peak of ripeness and are ready for pressing.

While many of the poorer peasants crush even olives with their feet, the olive oil trade is mainly in the hands of the Church. The inhabitants cannot afford olive presses since the yield of the island is so slight, therefore the Church, which owns several, rents them out to people in return for a small percentage of the oil extracted.

The women are far from inactive while their husbands and sons go about their manifold daily tasks. In fact, they are not reluctant to give the men a hand with the harvest, or to take a turn stamping out wine.

But in general the womenfolk limit *(Continued on page 86)*

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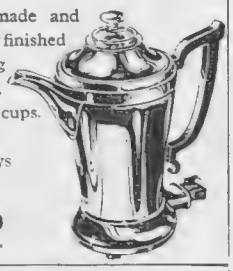

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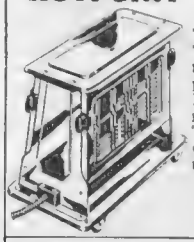

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themselves to household duties. They milk the goats, feed the chickens, cook meals on primitive wood-fired stoves, sew and spin. The young girls spend much of their time preparing their *trousseaux*.

As in every part of Southern Italy, even the poorest families must supply their daughters with a dowry. The only device to avoid this duty is an elopement mutually arranged by the two families—hardly a practical conspiracy on Stromboli, however!

In Sicily a newly married couple of limited means usually moves in with the bride's family, causing unspeakable congestion. Not so on Stromboli! The independent Strombolians would not hear of such a makeshift arrangement. The young couple have a house of their own or there is no wedding.

On Stromboli this is made easy by the astounding de-population of the island through emigration. There are now less than a thousand inhabitants—fewer than the members of the Strombolian Club in New York! Thousands of other Strombolians have emigrated to Australia, New Zealand, and South America, with the result that the large majority of Strombolian houses, built of lava rock and stucco, are abandoned and derelict.

A house can be bought on Stromboli for £25. Of course, like all the other houses, it would have no plumbing or running water.

During the winter, rain water is collected in a pair of large cisterns under each house. Sometimes the bucket splashes too often into the cisterns during the hot summer months and water has to be imported from the mainland.

Each year it is the rule that the inside of one of the two cisterns must be whitewashed—a primitive hygienic measure to keep the water drinkable.

Although, as in Sicily, the Arab influence is very marked on Stromboli, both in the appearance of the villages and the fishing boats, which are like Arab dhows, one doesn't find the seclusion of women so strictly observed as on the larger island. Young girls are often left alone in the houses and will open the door to strangers without shyness. Something that would never be permitted in a Sicilian village. Even if her mother were in the house, a Sicilian country girl would never answer the door when a stranger knocked.

Crime is something unknown on Stromboli. Two *carabinieri* are maintained on the island to arbitrate in arguments and to help catch straying goats!

Entertainment is equally unknown to the Strombolian: "*Così poco*," said an ancient islander to me, shrugging his shoulders. "*Ogni tanto un funerale!*" ("So little. Once in a while a funeral.")

Mass on Sunday serves as the most important social gathering of the week. After church the people congregate in the minute *piazza* of San Bartolomeo and exchange the week's scanty gossip. Or some go to the island's only café where they can find refreshing lemon sherberts, made with imported ice, or delicious pastries from the mainland.

Once a year they enjoy a special religious treat, when a statue of the Madonna is carried around to every island in a fishing boat decked with flowers. It is then returned to its permanent niche in the ancient church of Valdichiesa on neighbouring Salina.

Strangely enough, the people of the Æolians have no native songs or dances. Nor do they have any characteristic traditional costumes as do the Sicilians.

They seem to have an inner serenity that renders pageantry and the conventional forms of entertainment superfluous. They age slowly and mature slowly. Young islanders of thirteen or fourteen look no more than nine or ten. The women are exceedingly prolific, continually replenishing the depleted population, only to have it again sapped by emigration.

The older folk and children have never seen a film. Many of the middle-aged inhabitants, however, have been on trips to the mainland or to America, and so when Ingrid Bergman arrived on Stromboli the populace was not completely ignorant of her importance in the outside world. Most of them could not envisage a cinema, much less live people projected on a screen.

VIVA LA BERGMAN! was enthusiastically daubed on the sides of houses. Never had the island seen such excitement! Strange machines, thousands of gallons of water, a diabolical apparatus called a shower-bath, for spraying La Bergman, and finally La Bergman herself, festooned with native flowers and regaled with all the gifts the humble island soil could provide. She herself, looking no more pretentious than the island folk, without cosmetics, in a simple cotton dress, a scarf around her head, and smiling as unaffectedly as the tiniest child who had come to greet her.

All this influx of men and materials cost the islanders no small amount of labour. Twenty of them dragged one of the generators to the top of Stromboli where a part of the film was shot.

What Ingrid Bergman's public relations agent hopefully called a "road" leading to the summit was hacked out of the volcano for the film company's use. It was actually little more than a footpath, which nevertheless did ease to some extent the fatiguing climb.

Four o'clock in the morning is the best time to start the 3,000 feet ascent, which is best achieved along the north-eastern ridge of the volcano. Starting at that hour, from about 1,000 feet one can watch the sun rise out of the sea, and also miss the worst heat of the day. Although as early as seven o'clock I was ready to discard my shirt, the sun was so strong on the black volcanic ash.

To a height of almost 2,000 feet tall elephant grass and yellow profusions of broom cover the volcanic slopes; and then . . . black ash, cinders, and heat-tortured rocks. Shoes fill up with hot ash and one must stop to empty them and drink in the meagre shade afforded by a pock-marked rock.

Once the ridge to the summit has been hit, one gets a fine, if spine-tingling, view of the *Sciara del Fuoco* (Slope of Fire), which is a broad ash slope running from the crater to the sea. Down its side ooze red, smoking lava streams, like angry serpents. As they hit the water, at a temperature of a 1035 degrees centigrade, there is a cloud of steam and a delayed, sharp report.

One recalls the serious eruptions of 1925 and 1930, when the lava streams ran amuck and destroyed vineyards and homes in a blanket of molten rock; when smouldering boulders were hurled as far as two miles out to sea; when the whole island was showered with hot ashes and the sun could not be seen in the sky; and then one ceases to wonder why the natives seldom pay visits to the crater.

As one draws nearer to the crater, sulphureous gases make breathing uncomfortable unless a wet handkerchief is used to cover the nose and mouth.

The air of mystery and foreboding intensifies on these stark, barren ultimate slopes; and then one hears the terrible rumblings of the earth's bowels. Like a vast, viscous, simmering sea in a giant cauldron, the lava dashes against the sides of the sulphur-lined crater.

Rising on to the southern perimeter of the crater, one looks down into its yawning, bubbling depths, awestruck and apprehensive as it spews forth showers of incandescent rock and lava.

And so, 3,000 feet above the sea, with an inferno at one's feet, and a sea with no horizon, one can ponder on the beauty that spreads as far as the eye can reach—the coast of Calabria, Sicily, and Mount Etna, the whole Æolian group of islands. And if the fascination holds one till nightfall, so, as the darkness obscures the sea, the glow of Stromboli, rosy and constant, dominates the Mediterranean; and acts to-day, as it did for the Romans many years ago, as the natural lighthouse of the Tyrrhenian Sea.

END

Let Us Bring Back Harlequin To Pantomime

(*Continued from page* 10

That sounds like real pantomime—spangles when properly used are real pantomime, too, and can be enchanting. Anyway even the most conservative Harlequins of the most conservative theatre could not resist Byrne's innovation which became Harlequin's motley right down to the end.

The word Harlequin preceded the title of every pantomime to show his mastery. Such titles as *Harlequin and the Fairies of the Wood, or The Shipwrecked Sailor; Harlequin Jack-a-Lanthorn or the Witch of the Dripping Well; Harlequin and the Merry Devil of Edmonton, or The Great Bed of Ware.*

Even when the traditional fairy stories took the stage it was *Harlequin Dick Whittington* for a long time.

Harlequin and the Clown were always at loggerheads in the show and eventually the Clown was to unseat the Harlequin, to take away his autocracy, to reduce him to a merely constitutional monarch.

The Clown conquered through the genius of one man—the greatest Clown that ever lived—Joseph Grimaldi. He arose at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, which was seeing the beginning of the industrial age in this country, when materialism was creeping in and the smoke from the rapidly rising factory chimneys was likely to obscure the rarified atmosphere of Harlequin but be healthy for the Clown.

Grimaldi put the Clown on top. He was a superb performer and perhaps his victory was made the easier because he could do all those things which previously had been Harlequin's own. Grimaldi was not only a great comedian, he was a magnificent tumbler, acrobat and dancer. He could outdance any Harlequin of his time—he could perform more astounding acrobatic feats, more amazing jumps and leaps—and at the same time, be funny. His tremendous activity killed him in the end, but he wrested the crown from Harlequin and wore it himself.

From his time all Clowns became Joey—his own name—and the Clown was king, wielding his red-hot poker against Harlequin's magic lath. Harlequin did not surrender without a struggle, he was never driven from the field, his name still led the title on the bills for many a year, but he was no longer the great figure in Pantomime—that, thanks to Grimaldi, was the Clown.

There were splendid clowns after Grimaldi although they never approached his genius. And the reign of Joey was shorter than that of the real king. Perhaps Joey was never really king, but dictator. Anyway, progress beat him. For those "openings" tended to get longer and longer after Grimaldi's death and the harlequinades to grow shorter. When the fairy stories got into pantomime and *Cinderella, Dick Whittington* and the rest were what was wanted instead of the original stories which had held sway up to then—the Harlequinades got pushed right to the end of the show. Yet for a while, they were quite elaborate, with three or four scenes. But only the children really liked them—the elders used to leave during the Harlequinade's brief traffic on the stage.

But the transformation scene, once the beginning of the harlequinade, still kept its place as such, although it, too, got tailed off to the end and was no longer summoned at Harlequin's command. But it still retained its old glory. Once it was the high spot, now it is no more. Here and there one sees what is called a Transformation Scene, but it usually comes in the middle and is but a pale shadow of its former self.

There are still plenty of people alive who remember the magic which the most eminent of scenic artists and stage technicians poured into this great feature of pantomime. Rocky defiles changed into fairy forests, which were in turn engulfed by the sea and disclosed all the wonders of the deep, to change again into enchanted castles, to showers of golden rain, to cascades of shimmering water, to cloudland, to halls of (*Continued on page* 89)

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magic palaces ablaze with living jewels into which gigantic oyster shells sailed like galleons and opened, disclosing lovely girls as pearls within them. The realms of the sun and moon passed before wondering eyes, satyrs, nymphs, fauns, giants, dragons, Tritons, mermaids, dolphins were as plentiful as passers-by in the streets outside—and all the time the fairies danced and flew overhead.

All those wonders were seen by childish eyes which, if now dim, still retain those visions clearly. And then, when the last "transparency" had risen to the flies, the last piece of revolving scenery had turned itself round to disclose fresh marvels, when the whole depth of the stage was revealed with Venus, Diana, or the Fairy Queen triumphant on a peak with the fairy court all pointing at her, when red and blue fire blazed in the wings—then there was a shout—a cry of tradition—"Here We Are Again" and on rushed the Clown, Pantaloon, Columbine—and Harlequin, too, to join hands and whirl around in a mad romping Ring-a-ring-a-Roses. The harlequinade, such as it was, then followed—to play the people out. To such depths had Harlequin—and the Clown—descended.

But the time came when the harlequinade vanished altogether. The Clown had come into power with industrialism and commerce was to kill him. The harlequinade became little more than a vehicle for advertisement, open and shameless. It did not deceive even the children. There was no romance in that. There may have been pickings for the Clown, but none for poor Harlequin, he was not born a booster.

Nowadays Harlequin is dead. The last time there was a Harlequin at Drury Lane, he was played by a girl—a pretty girl and a good dancer who made just a fleeting appearance. But she was not Harlequin—how could she be? Harlequin was dead.

But why can he not be called back to life? Nowadays, with the great vogue for ballet, of which he was a progenitor—why cannot Harlequin return as King of Pantomime once again? The black mask of invisibility is still turned down. Will not someone turn it up again? He is immortal, he is waiting in the shades. The Clown, as such, is dead, too. But the comedians rule in pantomime to-day so he can be spared. But let Harlequin be summoned once more. He can be either gold or silver beneath his coloured lozenges, it matters not. He is the spirit who brings beauty and magic to transform the workaday world into something very different. He is the king whose subjects are music, dancing, fun, frolic and love, all things worth having, surely, and not so plentiful as to be spared.

He himself personifies the Spirit of Happiness and surely that is needed, too. Let the children see Harlequin and his works again. Let them have a glimpse of another sort of magic than that of science, let them see the animations rather than atomization. Let them see Harlequin and Columbine once again. The result would be surprising. For many children feared the Clown, but they all loved Harlequin. Bring back the King of Pantomime and let him once again triumph over the reality and worldliness of the Clown. Scrap the revolving stages and put back the traps. Give the children of all ages who love pantomime a real transformation scene and the cry of "Here We Are Again." Put back Harlequin into the title and on to the stage, for never was he more needed. That is—if you can find anyone who can play Harlequin in these days.

END

Let Us Bring Back Harlequin To Pantomime

Christmas Truants (*Continued from page* 16)

that, since they could not go home and could by no means stay where they were, Paris was the only reasonable exit from their dilemma, Christmas Eve found her boarding Flight Four in a slightly bemused condition.

It was a tense experience, Sylvia says. She never had flown before. On the runways of the wintry airfield, great machines stood roaring. The sky was grey. International crooks of all kinds hemmed her in.

"Ze ceiling," said a fat man with a subtly foreign accent, "she seem not so good."

"Bragtigally zero," concurred his alien companion.

Sylvia didn't like the looks of it herself. But a man who got on the 'plane at that moment distracted her attention by coming and staring at her with gimlet eyes, then going away again.

Sylvia moistened her lips. "Who was that, Julian?"

"M.I.5," said her well-informed brother.

The steward advised her to adjust her safety-belt for the take-off. Sylvia did so, and caught hold of Julian by way of an additional security measure, as the 'plane began to nose forward, ever faster, to rise at last into the doubtful sky.

They had done it now, all right, Sylvia says. It gave her an excited yet eerie feeling to think that at this moment nobody who cared had the faintest idea where they were. She could picture her mother with her calm, kind face, her greying, pretty hair. She could see her father, tall, spare, whimsically smiling, the home firelight peacefully flickering on his bald, brown head. Christmas Eve! There they would be, sitting side by side in their quiet country tweeds, her mother seeing what fond pictures in the fires, her father what paternal visions in his whisky-and-soda?

And they thought she and Julian were at Barnaby's, in Kent.

She felt a twinge of the prodigal's guilt. "Julian," she said, "I—I wonder if we ought to have done this, really?"

"It's worth doing," said Julian, with a chuckle, "if only for the thought of the look there'd be on old Uncle Herbert's face if he could see us tooling over to Paris on the loose!"

The crassness of this remark awoke a belated practicality in Sylvia. "One thing I insist on," she said. "When we've cashed our travellers' cheques, I insist we pay the hotel bill in advance, for the three nights we plan to stay. Then we shall know just what we have left to spend. Where *are* we going to stay, by the way?"

"I've got that all laid on," said Julian. "There's a chap on the vacation course who used to be a student at the Sorbonne. He told me a place to stay—a students' hotel, very reasonable, off the Boul' Mich.' I wired for rooms."

The snow was falling fast, Sylvia says, as the airport 'bus sped through the long boulevards. The white flakes sparkled on the sidewalk trees. From innumerable cafés, lights shone out gaily over pavement tables where, sheltered by awnings and genially glowed on by great braziers, festive crowds downed warming cordials and succulently ingested oysters from the half-shell. Curbside stalls dispensed hot, crisp doughnuts, golden brown, dusted with sugar and flavoured with Grand Marnier. From the glowing pans of vendors drifted the roasting aromas of almonds, peanuts, chestnuts. Here and there sounded the popping of popcorn. Portly confectioners twirled their moustaches behind ramparts of milk chocolate, nougat and pralines. Patisseries displayed sugary dainties conceived in trance by inspired pastry-cooks. Barons of beef and sides of pork impeded in their hook-hung profusion the easy passage of the butchers' thronging customers. Turkeys depended their necks in rows, geese in cohorts bared their breasts; and everywhere restaurant windows vaunted bills of fare as long as *Gone With the Wind*. In a physiological sense, Sylvia says, the humblest Parisian on this Christmas Eve was all glorious within.

"Lovely grub," commented Julian, rolling gluttonous eyes through the 'bus window.

She herself felt the lure of the debonair city. It gave her a free, adventurous, expectant feeling, as though anything might happen. This was different from any other Christmas Eve she had known.

In her room in the little, old, quaint hotel, she arrayed herself for the evening. Julian knocked presently on her door, and with her lipstick in her hand, she turned from the mirror.

Julian stood blinking at unusual radiance in a sister. "I say *you* don't look so dusty!"

"Where do we dine?" said Sylvia. "Not here?"

Julian had just been paying the hotel bill. He counted their joint funds and returned the wallet to his pocket. "We only get *petit dejeuner* here," he said. "We dine out. What about that place we passed, all lit up, in the Boul' Mich'? That's Perroquet's—been famous for generations. Everybody goes there once in a lifetime."

They decided on Perroquet's. But they did not reach it, Sylvia says. The Christmas spirit was abroad in the Boulevard St. Michel. The 'buses honked, lights shone hospitably between the trees, the flying snowflakes eddied. The pavements were jammed with artists and students, mostly bearded. Groups of them swept along, arm in arm with girls, laughing and carrying on. It was a cosmopolitan crowd, Sylvia says. Senegalese flashed welcoming dentures at her, and scholars from Indo-China gave her oriental looks.

"Ye gods," said Julian, "look at that girl with the ash-blonde braids!" They had paused for a moment, their progress impeded by a group of merrymakers who were covorting round in a circle, singing some student ditty. "She looks Norwegian," said Julian judiciously. "Absolute Viking type. Freya the Ice Maiden——"

The ice maiden caught his eye at that moment; and, thawing to a dazzling smile, she reached out a hand and seized his. Even as she saw her brother drawn into the circle, dancing there in the lamplight and flying flakes, Sylvia felt her own hand taken. A tall young man with a black beard, wearing a rakish beret and a leather jacket with a high fur collar, pulled her into the ring.

From this point on, Sylvia says, her impressions were confused, though there was one man whom, in the light of the catastrophe which overtook she and her young brother Julian, she was later to remember vividly.

She noticed the man because he seemed different from the others. He was short, of indeterminate nationality. He wore a chocolate-brown suit wide in the shoulders and tight about the hips, a snapbrim felt hat, a black silk shirt, a made-up bowtie with pointed wings. His jaw was blue-shaven, his nose sharp, his eyes close-set and darting; between his tight lips was clamped a stub of cigar. Somehow, Sylvia says, he did not seem a student type.

However, a sudden cry of "*Formidables! Formidables!*" put him out of her mind. Her companions surged into a narrow side street, and willy nilly, with the hand of the bearded young man cupped under her arm, Sylvia was drawn along with them. Across the cobbles of the street fell a glare of light from neon tubes pulsing forth the legend: AUBERGE D'ALSACE—BIÉRES FORMIDABLES.

"Here is good," said the bearded young man.

He ushered her gaily into a cave of great barrels, wooden forms and logwood tables. Candles starred the spaces of the cave and glistened on faces, many of them hirsute, upturned in song. A roar of applause deafened her. The tables rang under the pounding of beer-steins sixteen inches high, of painted earthenware, with pewter lids. She had led a sheltered life, Sylvia says, and all this was a revelation to her. Herself an aspirant to the adventure of art, she looked with interest at a wild-haired individual who was alternately sketching and consulting the muse in the bottom of his stein. Fresh steins, foaming on burdened platters, (*Continued on page* 90)

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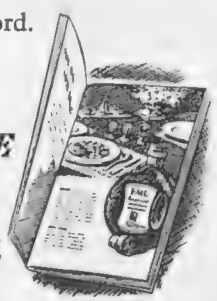

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were borne about by hastening waiters distinctive for bushy iron-grey moustaches, and pink hunting-waistcoats with brass buttons.

She never had had such a Christmas Eve, Sylvia says. She sang and pounded her stein with the best of them. It was stirring to hear the old, familiar carols sung in strange tongues. Everybody cried, Sylvia says. Even Julian, holding the hand of his ice maiden, cried freely on her, and he had no heart that Sylvia had ever noticed. As for herself, she cried most of all. It was wonderful, Sylvia says.

Finally, they were all thrown out into the snow, where they sang a few more songs in the lamplight and falling flakes before she and Julian took their leave of these kindred spirits.

All the bells of Paris were ringing Christmas in as, drying their eyes, they walked away together along the Boulevard Saint Michel.

"To think we might have been at home, doing the same old things as we've done every year!" said Julian, appalled. "You know what?"

"What?" said Sylvia.

"I'm going to chuck science," said Julian. "Too cold. When I've got this military stuff over, I'm coming to Paris, to grow a beard and take up art—real art, not like yours. I feel I've got something deep down in me——"

"What I've got deep down in *me*," said Sylvia, "is a kind of rumble. D'you realize we still haven't had any dinner?"

"Look, there's Perroquet's," said Julian—"still open, all lit up. Come on. This is life. Lovely grub and lashings of money!"

He put a hand vaingloriously to his wallet pocket—and stopped dead.

"What is it?" said Sylvia.

Julian was plunging his hands first in one pocket, then the other. His movements became increasingly frantic, then abruptly ceased. She stared at him, unbelieving. Her heart stood still.

"Not—not *gone*?" she said, in a whisper.

"Gone," said Julian.

She drew in her breath. "That horrible little type in the bebop bowtie! I *wondered* about him!"

"A pickpocket," said Julian. "Absolute certainty."

"We—we're broke?" she faltered.

"Shattered," said her brother.

They stared at each other in horror. The snowflakes whirled about them. The relentless bells rang forth a note of judgment on Christmas prodigals.

AT least, thanks to her prudence in insisting that the hotel bill should be paid in advance, they had somewhere to sleep. But what a night, Sylvia says, and what an awakening! Snow fell steadily, outside the window. Her surroundings were strange, foreign. There was no Christmas breakfast-table, covered with gay parcels, waiting downstairs. There were no boiled eggs nestling coyly in their cups. There were just *croissants*, eaten on a tray in bed.

"Silly idea, this continental breakfast," said Sylvia, when she had consumed the meagre repast. "I still feel hungry."

Julian, sitting on the edge of her bed, counting small change from her bag and from his own pockets, said consolingly, "We're entitled to breakfast again to-morrow morning."

"That seems an awful long way away," said Sylvia. "Julian, we *must* do something!"

"What can we do?" said Julian. "Go begging to the Embassy, on Christmas Day? What a hope! Try to get our return 'plane tickets changed, too, to-day? Not a chance. Go to a pawnshop? We'll never find one open."

"How much money have we actually got?"

"Hundred and eighty francs," said Julian. "About one-and-ten. It'll run to a couple of *jambon* sandwiches."

"That hardly seems like a Christmas dinner," said Sylvia wanly. "Julian, let's go out and take a look round. If we ran into some of those people we were with last night, they might invite us to take potluck."

But, except for an occasional cloaked gendarme, amiably strolling with his thoughts on banquets waiting at home, the streets were almost deserted. The restaurants were open, though. There seemed to be a great many of them, Sylvia says; and, beset by enticing odours, she and Julian hopefully studied the menu cards in the window. There seemed to be nothing under three hundred francs.

Their plight was truly pitiable, Sylvia says. Urged on by gnawing pangs, they explored the back streets behind the Pantheon. Her humbler restaurants featured such items as *Casse-Croute* and *Cous-Cous*.

"I don't know what *Cous-Cous* is," said Sylvia, "but I wouldn't mind a bowl of it, no questions asked."

"A hundred-and-fifty francs, *Cous-Cous*," said Julian. He hesitated for a moment, then said brusquely, "It was *I* who lost the wallet. Here, Syl., you take this hundred-and-eighty and go in and get yourself a bowl of *Cous-Cous*."

She looked at him in amazement. His face was stern and pale with a brother's sacrifice. Impulsively, she tucked an arm in his.

"You're not a bad sort," she said. "But no—we both eat, or neither. Anyway, *Cous-Cous* doesn't sound like proper food at all. Not in the sense that the goose they'll be sitting down to now, at home, is food."

They walked on slowly, arm in arm, unconscious of the empty street and flying snowflakes.

"How about after?" said Julian.

"Christmas pudding," said Sylvia, second-sighted, "one of those fruity black ones mother matures for a whole year. She's piling sugar-lumps on top, so that the brandy-flame will stay alight longer and all the juice run down the sides."

"No mince-pies?" said Julian.

(*Continued on page 92*)

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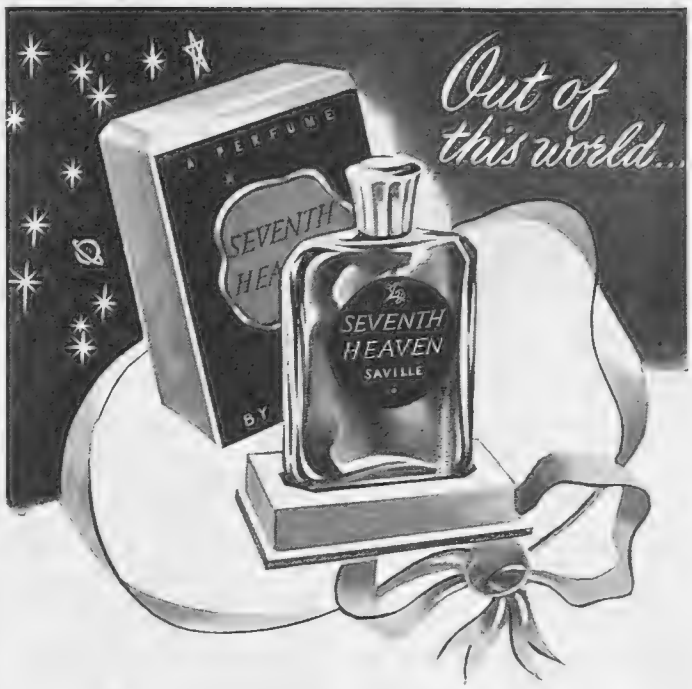

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Christmas Truants

"Don't be ridiculous," said Sylvia. "There are scores of them, light and hot and feathery — a whole pastry-board covered with them. And I *do* believe she's found some Stilton for father. You know how he loves Stilton——"

She broke off, opening her handbag.

"What's the matter?" said Julian, coming back to earth.

"Oh, I don't know," said Sylvia, taking out her handkerchief. "I was just thinking about them both—bless their hearts."

"Yes," Julian said softly—"bless their hearts."

They looked at each other for a moment, in complete understanding.

Then Julian said abruptly, "Come on, let's go and get our sandwich. When we've had it, we've had it. There's Perroquet's again, right ahead. Everyone goes to Perroquet's once in a lifetime. Why not us?"

The long rows of pavement tables, in the glass-enclosed *terrasse* before Perroquet's, were deserted, though within the restaurant itself all was bustle and good cheer.

They sat down at a marble-topped table in the *terrasse*. Snowflakes whirled against the glass; searching draughts whistled round their ankles. A white-jacketed waiter came out to look in astonishment at such spartan customers.

"*Combien les sandvichès?*" asked Julian.

"'Am sandvich?" The waiter looked more astonished than ever. "Fifty franc each."

"And coffee?"

"Coffee, forty."

Julian cast up his eyes in calculation of the ten per cent service. He nodded. "Two sandwiches, one coffee, please."

"*One* coffee?"

The waiter's raised brows imposed on Julian the need of some explanation. He said haughtily, "We happen to have had our pocket picked. Need I say more?"

"Ah," said the waiter, looking askance from one to the other of them. "At Christmas, too! It is damaging, that."

He re-entered the restaurant with many a backward look.

"He doesn't believe us," said Sylvia, flushed. "Julian, I could sink through the floor."

"Pooh, what's it to him?" said Julian, encouraging her.

The waiter came back. "Monsieur and mademoiselle would perhaps prefer to be served inside?" he said. "It is warmer."

Julian rose promptly, but Sylvia plucked his sleeve.

"Don't you see?" she whispered. "They want us inside so that we can't bolt. They think we've no money at all. Julian, let's go!"

"Nonsense," said Julian. "We're poor but honest. Come on, let's get warm."

With a strange presentiment, Sylvia says, she followed him in. The tables were crowded. There was a cheerful hum of many voices. The atmosphere was warm and rich with the tantalizing aromas of Christmas provender. A stout, bald little *maître d'hôtel* came beaming and bowing and washing his hands at them. He led them to a table set with a starched cloth, nests of wineglasses, and a magnificent centrepiece comprised of holly and champagne magnums.

Julian looked at all this array. He met Sylvia's eyes. He gulped.

"We just want a couple of sandwiches," he said hastily, "and one coffee."

"Monsieur," said the *maître d'hôtel*, "your hosts have already, themselves, just ordered the *repas*."

"Our hosts?" Her heart, Sylvia says, gave a great thud.

For, at that moment, she saw them. She couldn't believe her eyes, Sylvia says. There they stood, smiling—a pretty, grey-haired woman in a smart tailormade, and a spare, tall man with a brown, bald head, wearing tweeds.

It just wasn't possible, Sylvia says. Even when she had held them both for a rapturous moment in her arms, and they were all sitting down round the table, she couldn't believe that her parents really were here. It was an illusion.

But her father was saying, "We don't know what you two are up to in Paris. We nearly fell down when we saw you through the window there, talking to the waiter. We called him, and he told us you were broke. So we told him to bring you in."

"But *you*," Sylvia said. "What are *you* doing here?"

"We've been here several days," said her mother. "You see, when you told us you weren't coming home for Christmas, we—well, for your sakes, your father and I have always tried to give you a nice, homely, family Christmas. But—well, it seemed you didn't want that any more, so——"

"So, for the first time," said her father, "we felt at liberty to have a bit of a change from our usual Christmas, and go on the spree!"

"Only, to tell the truth," said her mother, "we felt, somehow, just a bit guilty about it—I don't know why——"

"I know *just* how you felt!" Sylvia exclaimed.

"—so we didn't tell you anything about it," said her mother. "We just came on over. But we've felt, all the time, as though we were truants from something, and——"

"Anyway," said Julian, "by Jove, it was a stroke of luck your coming to Perroquet's!"

"Everyone comes to Perroquet's once in a lifetime," said his father. He beamed round on them. "You know, this is right. Here we are—the four of us. This is as it should be. I think," he added, beckoning the waiter with a genial gesture; "I think I'm just beginning to get the Christmas spirit!"

Piecing together these facts from Sylvia's letters, and hastening to point out to her on my return to England the salutary moral inherent in the narrative, I inquired, being interested in all serious matters, what actually they did have for Christmas dinner, at Perroquet's.

My *fiancée* gave me from her violet eyes a look of wonder.

"You *must* be a goose, if you can't guess that," Sylvia says.

END

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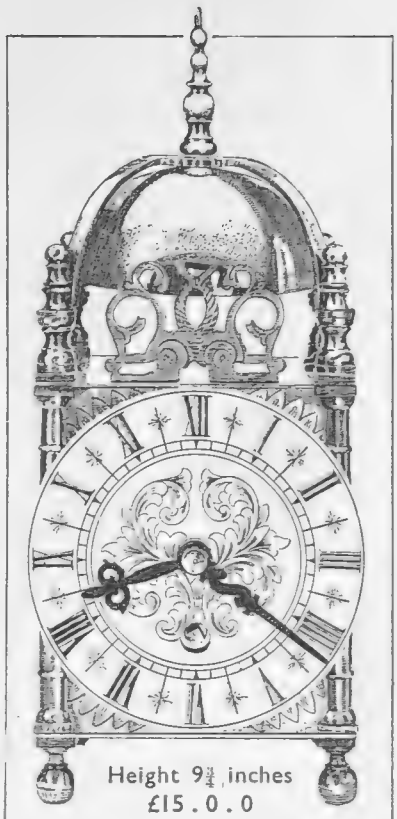

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English Cookery (*Continued from page* 55)

YULE LOG GATEAU

Prepare a swiss roll mixture as follows : Put 2 eggs in a bowl and whip for 3 minutes. Add 4 oz. castor sugar and whisk a few more minutes, mixture should be thick and light coloured. Add a tablespoonful warm water. Fold in 4 oz. of self-raising flour. Pour mixture into well-greased swiss roll tin and bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 475° F., for 7 or 8 minutes. Turn out on to greaseproof paper and instantly roll round a greased or oiled china rolling-pin. When cold slide out pin and fill with chocolate mousse as below. Coat log roughly with white royal icing. Make gnarls with bits of sponge covered with chocolate butter icing and pull up white icing roughly to look like snow. Perch robins on log. Place log on oval dish.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE FILLING

Make a paste with 1 oz. of cocoa or 2 oz. sweetened chocolate powder, with a little milk. Put a gill of milk in a pan, add chocolate and 2 oz. sugar, stir till boiling and add ½ oz. dissolved gelatine. Leave till cold. Whip 1½ gills of evaporated milk and fold into mixture just before it begins to set. When nearly set, spoon carefully into centre of log, pushing some in from either end. Smooth off at ends with a knife.

RASPBERRY TRIFLES

A simple little extra sweet is raspberry trifles. Take some pink waxed paper jelly cases. Put little squares of sponge at bottom of each. Soak in sweetened raspberry juice with a layer of bottled raspberries on top. Cover with very thick custard. When cold put a rosette of mock cream on each with a glacé cherry on top.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 40)

(Hale, 15s.), a study of a by-no-means staid Victorian.

"The Shining Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" (Rich and Cowan, 16s.) comprised an alliance with revolutionary Tom Paine in Paris—for which he was cashiered the Army—the founding of the *United Irishman* as a rebel, and death from fever in Newgate prison where he was being held for treason : a stormy-petrel flight for one born into Ireland's most aristocratic family. John Lindsey's biography has plenty of dramatic incident.

So has Morris Bishop's **"Champlain"** (MacDonald, 18s.) the sixteenth-seventeenth-century Frenchman who pioneered Canada, making in all eleven voyages to it, and fought the redskins, whom he found "both terrifying and comic" in their grotesque warpaint, incredible in their outlandish customs. This is not only a record of exploration but of Fennimore Cooper adventure.

Akin to it, though more popular in style, is Louise Hall Tharp's **"Company of Adventurers"** (Harrap, 8s. 6d.), the story of the Hudson's Bay Company from Radisson and Kelsey to Lord Strathcona, with stirring individual exploits.

IF these are biographies, mostly of men, Lancelot Hogben's **"From Cave Painting to Comic Strip"** (Max Parrish, 21s.) might be called a panorama of Man from his emergence as "the only literate animal species" to his hoped-for fulfilment in the world-unification of mankind. The text is richly illustrated with 20 full-colour pages, 211 black and white reproductions, chosen by Marie Neurath, Director of the Isotype Institute. A unique learn-as-you-look book for the serious-minded.

NOTABLE additions to the *Vision of England* series : Ralph Whitlock's **"Wiltshire,"** illustrated by J. Deliss, Reginald Turnor's **"Oxfordshire,"** illustrated by Francoise Taylor (Elek, 15s. each).

AS a novelist of lower middle class life C. P. Snow, with his passion for realistic detail, would seem to be in the Gissing tradition. **"Time of Hope"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) chronicles the penurious provincial boyhood of Lewis Eliot, who has figured in two previous books, his pupilship in a London lawyer's office, conversion to socialism, and tortuous affair with the girl Sheila, who says frankly she does not love him. The family characters are vividly seen; it reads like an intimate autobiography, too diffuse to fit into any normal plot structure.

TWO other novels should attract the Christmas buyer. Joseph O'Connor's **"The Norwayman"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) is a gay Irish yarn about a young married pair on the West Coast and a mysterious Norwegian sailor who drifts into their lives with devastating emotional effect—as Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea* drifted into other lives. In **"A Wind in the West"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) Elizabeth Coxhead plants a group of atomic scientists on a Hebridean island and dramatizes their diverse interactions with subtle insight.

WHAT a number of women's stories to-day reflect disappointment or frustration in love or marriage ! Is the complaint epidemic? Pamela Hansford Johnson's Gwen in **"The Philistines"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) makes an unsatisfying suburban marriage, then forms an emotional friendship with a doctor on war work and finds that unsatisfying, too. "I am not in love," she told herself. "I am simply in a kind of need, fastening to the idea of love as the blind man in the game fastens to the nearest player on whom his hands blunder." In the end she is left stoically facing the future with her son. A story that epitomizes the discontents of woman for women, though men may think it somewhat bleak.

(*Continued on page* 96)

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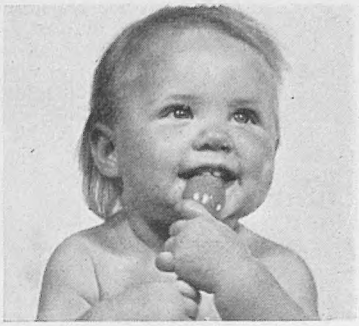

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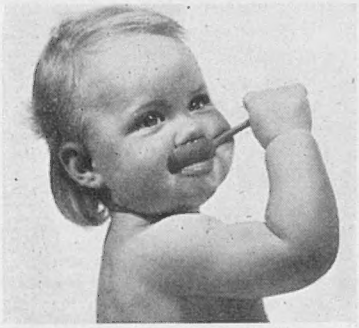

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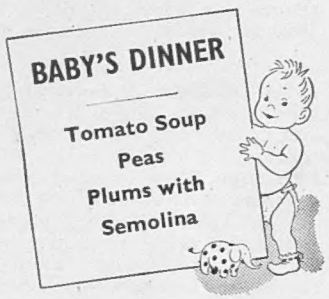

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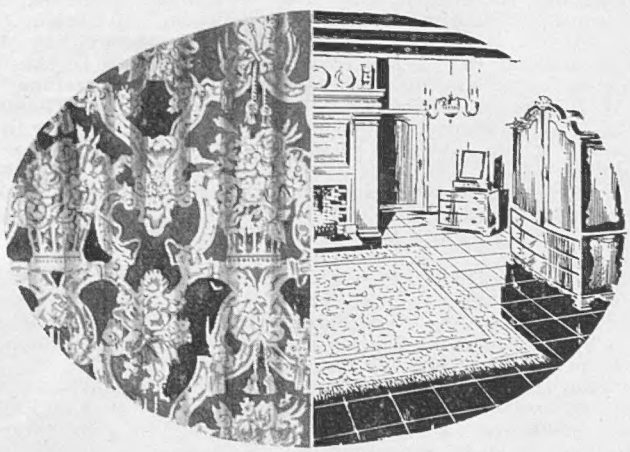

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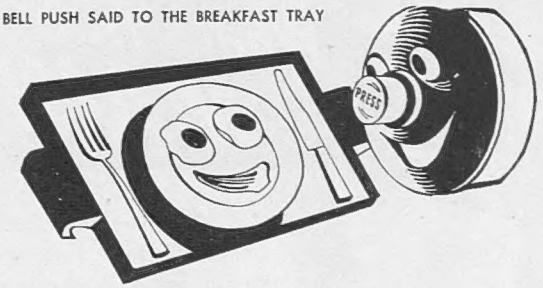

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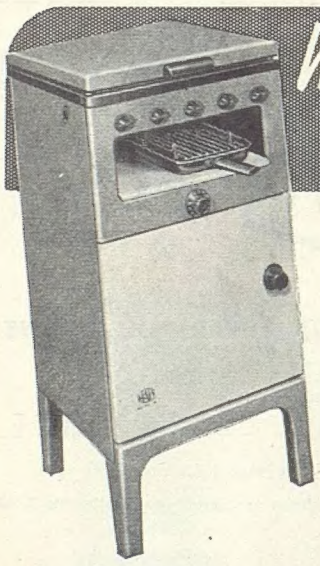

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Books

ONE of the mysteries of history is the tragic death of Amy Robsart, wife of Elizabeth's favourite —and some think lover—the Earl of Leicester. Elizabeth D'Oyley has her own ideas about that "fall" downstairs in a vivid bionovel, **"Lord Robert's Wife"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) which is also a tapestry of the period.

Flavia Anderson, too, has individual ideas about the Biblical Queen Jezebel who became a byword for a painted wantonness which made her hated by the Israelites, cursed by the prophets. **"Jezebel and the Dayspring"** (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d.) shows her at least courageous and not quite as bad as she was painted.

A simple pastoral of homely Indiana farming folk, a boy's adventures with his pet black lamb. . . . Echoes of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. . . . How could Walt Disney resist such a theme for his latest big Technicolor film? Sterling North's **"So Dear to My Heart"** (Odhams, 7s. 6d.) will, I imagine, find a warm place in many, for it has not only a boy and lamb but an imperious Granny who "laid down more commandments than Jehovah."

OTHER novels recommended to the attention of readers include **"Dirge for a Dead Witch,"** by Winifred Duke (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.); **"Arizona Star,"** by Faith Baldwin (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.); **"The Enchanted Moment,"** by Barbara Cartland (Rich and Cowan, 10s. 6d.); **"It's Loaded Mr. Bauer,"** by John P. Marquand (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.); **"Dead Lion,"** by John and Emery Bonett (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.); **"The Greyhound in the Leash,"** by Joyce Horner (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.); **"The Horn and the Roses,"** by Ira Wallach (W. H. Allen, 9s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"A Calendar of Food and Wine," by Nell Heaton and Andre Simon, a miscellany of recipes, folklore and thoughts on food (Faber and Faber, 16s.); **"Everybody's Family Doctor,"** a valuable quick reference book for the family shelves (Odhams, 8s. 6d.); **"Mysterious Marriage,"** by E. Graham Howe, the third of a series of books by a psychiatrist on the problems of human relationship (Faber and Faber, 15s.); **"These Would I Choose,"** a very personal anthology of poems and prose passages chosen by Alex Waugh (Sampson Low, 8s. 6d.); a reprint of **"Land Below the Wind,"** Agnes Keith's fascinating account of her life in North Borneo (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.); **"The Distaff Muse,"** an anthology of poetry written by women and compiled by Clifford Bax and Meum Stewart (Hollis and Carter, 10s. 6d.); **"The Road to Damascus,"** edited by John A. O'Brien, in which fifteen contemporary men and women tell in their own way why they were converted to Catholicism (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.); **"Wishful Cooking,"** by Emily Lina Mirrlees and Margaret Rosalys Coker, containing recipes reminiscent of a less austere age (Faber, 12s. 6d.); **"West Country Book No. 1,"** a selection of stories and articles by distinguished writers covering every aspect of West Country life and tradition, edited by J. C. Trewin (Westaway, 10s. 6d.).

"Cookery for Beginners," by Edith Weale (Harrap, 8s. 6d.).

A Christmas present to appeal to everyone is the ninth edition of **"The Saturday Book,"** self described as "a repository of curiosities and looking-glass of past and present." There is endless entertainment here from art and architecture to Siamese cats and stamps. (Hutchinson, 21s.).

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

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